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ESSAYS

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JOHN DRYDEN

SELECTED AND EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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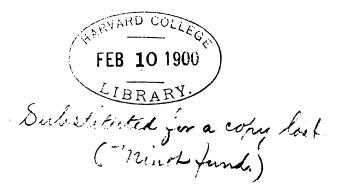
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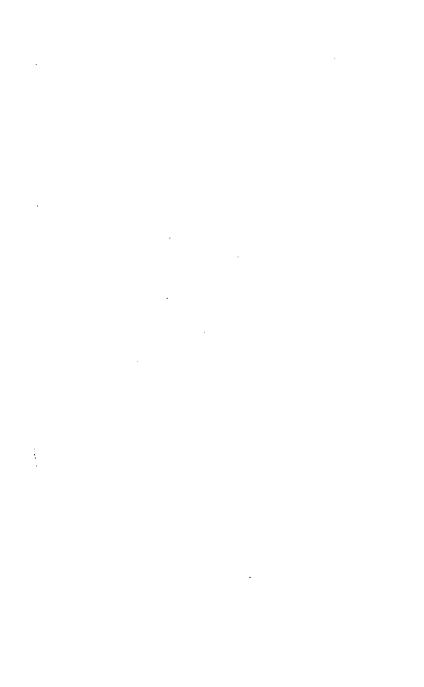


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INTRODUCTION.

THE seventeenth century is commonly regarded as that in which prose writing, both in France and England, first assumed the polish and elegance which have since been the characteristics of the best writers. In France this improvement is deservedly attributed to the genius of Pascal. In England it was begun by Hooker and Milton, but was carried to greater perfection by Sir William Temple and Dryden. To Sir William Temple Johnson gives the praise of having been "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose." And, though no two critics could well be more different in the general character of their minds than Johnson and Macaulay, the description which the latter gives of Temple's style may be regarded as an expansion of that of the earlier writer: he calls it "a style singularly lucid and melodious, which generally flowed along with careless simplicity, but occasionally rose even into Ciceronian magnificence"; while Dryden, whose earliest prose works were written a few years after those of Temple, and while that statesman was at the height of his reputation, may, without derogating from his claim to originality, be fairly supposed to have studied and profited by Temple's example. And Hallam, in the character

which he gives of Dryden's prose, seems in some degree to embody the praise bestowed on the melodious cadence and careless simplicity of Temple. Its "excellence," as he describes it, "is an ease and apparent negligence of phrase," "a variety and copiousness of idiom," "a change of measure" and "variety of language," the style, in short, of one whose aim is "to please, in which he seldom So perfect indeed and complete was his fails." 1 mastery over the language, that Mr. Fox, whose accomplishments as a scholar were of the highest order, when preparing his 'History of James II.,' laid down as a rule for his own composition that in the entire volume he would use no word which was not to be found in Dryden. The rule was not a very reasonable one, but it shows how especially high was the esteem one so well-acquainted with the works of all our great writers set upon the model whom he thus selected. And Dryden's claim to originality is asserted in the strongest way by Johnson, who calls him "the father of English criticism; the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition."

The superior renown of his poetry has thrown his prose into the shade; but it will surely be allowed that compositions thus extolled by Johnson, Fox, and Hallam deserve to be generally known; and the present volume, though but a selection from his Essays, may, it is hoped, enable the reader to form some idea of the qualities which have earned commendations so high, from men so well qualified to form an opinion upon literary excellence.

¹ Hallam's Review of Scott's edition of Dryden's works. *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1808.

Dryden is one of those writers whose personal history is to some extent connected with the history of his time; and therefore it seems desirable to preface any selection from his works with a short sketch of his career.

John Dryden was a member of a family of knightly rank long settled in Northamptonshire; his grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden, having been one of the first baronets created by James I., when that sovereign hit upon the singular method of replenishing his exchequer by inventing a new order of inferior nobility, and putting it up for sale. He was born in 1631, was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge: and on the death of his father, in 1654, succeeded to a small estate, which he regarded as sufficient to justify him in adopting literature as his profession, in preference to any other, such as the law, whose profits might be more considerable and more regular. As a boy he had won the praise of the celebrated head-master of his school, Dr. Busby, by the facility and elegance of his translations from the works of some of the classical poets. And it was in poetry that he conceived himself best qualified to excel; the more so since, though

> "The bigots of the iron time Had deemed his harmless art a crime," 1

the melodious lyrics of Waller and Cowley were beginning to bring back the nation to a better taste, and poetry and poets seemed likely to become once more fashionable. His first essay, however, showed that he was not vates 2 in both senses of the

Introduction to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'
Vates in Latin means both a poet and a prophet.

word. Some of his nearest relatives had embraced the tenets and politics of the Puritans; and, even after Cromwell was dead, had apparently convinced him that Richard Cromwell's supremacy was as firmly established as that of his father had been; and Dryden therefore thought to establish himself in the favour of the new Protector by an elegy which he entitled, "Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector;" which was generally admitted to be the best poem written on the subject, though

Waller himself was among his rivals.

But he soon found out that he had been mistaken in his anticipations. Charles II. recovered his throne amid the acclamations of his subjects, and Dryden hastened to efface the recollection of the eulogies of the departed tyrant by an equally elaborate prediction of the glories and blessings which were in store for the land through the restoration of the monarch whom "Astræa Redux," or "Returning Justice" was leading back to it. His prophetic praise of the sovereign who was to betray the interests of his kingdom to Louis XIV., and to sacrifice the lives of scores of subjects, whom he knew to be innocent, to the perjuries of Titus Oates, was not much better founded than his glorification of the usurper who had massacred the inhabitants of Drogheda and Wexford in cold blood, and had sold hundreds of Englishmen to work as slaves in the West Indies for no other offence but that of having fought for their king. Such as it was, however, it gave him an opportunity of showing the restored king his wit, a quality which that prince valued far more than patriotism or honesty; for when Charles told him that he had read both his odes, but that, so far

as he was a judge, he liked that on Cromwell best, Dryden replied that nothing could be more natural, since poets always succeeded better in fiction than in truth. However, his poetry and his wit combined not only gained him the favour of the Merry Monarch, but led also to his being selected as one of the original Fellows of the new Royal Society, which Sir W. Scott fairly points to as a proof of the estimation in which his talents were already held; though his learning and scholarship, such as they were, were by no means of a scientific character. It was as a literary and not as a scientific man that he proposed to win a name for himself. And, as his critical judgement made him feel that there was great room for a reform in our poetry, which was too often composed without any effort at harmony, authors seeming to consider it sufficient if the lines ended with something like a rhyme, he set himself to work to polish English verse into a greater regularity and smoothness, and at the same time to purify it of the false metaphysical wit which had latterly been in fashion, and was still allowed by Cowley to perplex his readers.

He was by nature a courtier as well as a critic; and his next attempt at anything higher than a song or a prologue was called forth by the exploits of Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle in the naval campaign of 1665, which he celebrated in a long ode written in the four-line stanza, to which he gave the title of "Annus Mirabilis, or the year of Wonders," and which contains passages of great spirit, though often disfigured by others which show that he had not yet completely emancipated himself from the metaphysical fashion of the day.

But odes of this kind, though useful to him as gaining for him the favour of persons of influence, brought but little profit. The age of Charles II. was not a reading age; but it was eminently a playgoing one; and, as the author of a successful play was entitled to considerable payments from the managers of the theatres where they were performed, he began to apply himself with great industry to dramatic composition; pouring forth tragedies and comedies with unexampled rapidity. He composed them in rhyme, in compliance with the fancy of the king, whose taste during his exile on the Continent had been formed on the French model. But, though greatly admired in their day, they are now but little read; nor, though there are fine passages in his tragedies (since indeed it was impossible for him to write tamely), do they deserve more attention, for his genius was essentially undramatic, while his comedies are sadly tainted with the licentiousness of the age. So prolific, however, was his talent, that in the course of a dozen years he wrote a greater number of plays than any previous dramatist; and it was probably in some degree because he at last found his dramatic vein exhausted, that he began to apply himself to other kinds of poetry; to satire, to which of all kinds of poetry he seems to have been most partial; and to translations from the classics, which the London publishers preferred to more original efforts. And it was to this change in his views that the Essays are owing which are contained in the present volume.

The last years of the reign of Charles II. were agitated by a series of violent party struggles. The

infamous perjuries of Oates, even after their falsehood was exposed, had still left behind them a deep suspicion of the designs of the Roman Catholics; and Lord Shaftesbury, who had been one of the most subtle and zealous supporters of the accusations brought against them, availed himself of the general dislike with which the Duke of York was regarded to weave a fresh plot, the object of which was to exclude the Duke from the succession to the throne, in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, whom, of all his illegitimate children, Charles was understood to regard with the greatest favour. Dryden had recently succeeded Sir W. Davenant in the office of Poet Laureate, and thought that his appointment gave the government a claim to his services to aid it in discrediting and defeating so unworthy an intrigue; and under this impression he, in 1681, produced the satire of 'Absalom and Ahitophel'; Monmouth being Absalom, Shaftesbury the false councillor Ahitophel; while he took the opportunity, in the portrait of Zimri, of revenging himself on the Duke of Buckingham, who, some years before, had ridiculed his tragedies in a burlesque play, entitled 'The Rehearsal.' No previous work of the kind had then, it may probably be said even now that none has, ever displayed a more brilliant combination of wit, invective, and argument; qualities so conspicuous throughout the whole performance, that some critics had not hesitated to pronounce it the finest production of his genius. But we can hardly think that any satire deserves such praise. Of the highest class of poetry, a cheerful, genial spirit seems to be among the most essential qualities; while the principal ingredients in all satire are

bitterness and ill-nature. However, at the time, the more extreme its severity the more certain was it to win the approval of all with whose political views it coincided. Its success led him to fresh exertions in the same line; and in rapid succession he put forth two more satires; one, entitled 'The Medal,' in which he renewed his attack on Shaftesbury with unabated vigour and efficiency; the other, to which he gave the name of 'MacFlecknoe,' from Flecno, an obscure poet of the day, being dictated by his own personal and weak jealousy of a crowd of inferior poets, whom some of his enemies had set up as his rivals, but whom it would have been more consistent with his own dignity, as well as with their deserts, to regard as beneath his notice. These were his only satires; but during the remainder of his life he continued to pour forth poems of all kinds with unexampled profusion. Two were on the subject of religion; the first of which, styled 'Religio Laici,' Sir Walter Scott regards as warranting a favourable opinion of his sincerity in afterwards embracing the Roman Catholic religion; while the second, 'The Hind and Panther,' is a justification of his conversion: the plot is singular, and in the highest degree absurd, but it contains passages of as rich imagery and fancy as, perhaps, any other of his works. But the chief employment of his latter years, as has been already intimated, was translation; and in 1685 he published a volume of translations from a variety of the classical poets, Theocritus, Ovid, Lucretius, and others, to which he prefixed that "Preface on Translation" which forms the second of the essays here published. A subsequent volume of translations from Juvenal and

Persius gave occasion to the elaborate "Essay on Satire," which is prefixed to them, and which occupies the first place in the present volume. And the favour with which these translations were received led to his undertaking of a still greater work, the translation of the entire works of Virgil. It was completed in 1697, and has been extolled with perhaps as great unanimity as any translation in any language. Pope afterwards pronounced it the "most noble and spirited translation" that had ever] been made. Johnson described it as a work that "had satisfied his friends and silenced his enemies." And succeeding generations have not disturbed the verdict. Yet it may be doubted whether the very greatest and most vigorous genius can produce a satisfactory translation of any long poem. Bentley, as is well known, told Pope his translation of the 'Iliad' was a pretty poem, but must not be called Homer. And we confess a feeling that that judgement is equally applicable to every translation of every poem on a large scale, even to translations from one modern language into another, to translations of the 'Orlando,' or the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' as much as to translations of the 'Iliad' o-' Eneid.' Many of our poets, and Dryden hims li among them, have had distinguished success in the version of short lyrics. A single instance may be sufficient to show this; his translation of Horace's

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse vixi, cras vel atrå
Nube polum pater occupato
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.—Od. iii. 29.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own,
He who, secure within, can say
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But, what has been, has been, and I've had my hour.

is acknowledged to be both vigorous and faithful; and Catullus's translation of Sappho's ode on the happiness of the lover sitting opposite to his mistress may be taken as another example of the possibility, to a great extent, of infusing the spirit of a short lyric into another language. But that, it may be feared, must be the limit of successful translations.

Dryden did not confine himself, even in this line, to translations from the dead languages. He regarded the language of Chaucer's time as having become so obsolete that, in order to make the 'Canterbury Tales' intelligible to the existing age, they required "translation" as much as if they had been written in Greek or Latin; and, accordingly, he now occupied himself in modernising some of the more spirited of the tales; the 'Knight's Tale,' which from its principal characters he entitled 'Palamon and Arcite,' and others: to which he added one or two poetical versions of tales from the * Decameron' of Boccaccio. They have been highly extolled by the majority of critics, and severely disparaged by Mr. Hallam. But no one, we believe, has ever denied the pre-eminent merit of his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," better known perhaps by the title derived from its subject of "Alexander's Feast." The poet himself was so confident of its merits that, according to a story related by Malone, and repeated

by Sir W. Scott, he affirmed on one occasion to a young friend, who had expressed his admiration of it, that "a nobler ode never had been produced, nor ever would be." And even Mr. Hallam, a generally cold critic, though he denies that the admiration generally bestowed on it is due either to "the sublimity of its conceptions or the richness of its language," yet admits that its "rapid transitions, its mastery of language, and the springiness of the whole manner, hurries the reader away, and leaves so little room for minute criticism, that no one has ever qualified his admiration of that noble poem."

The present occasion, however, is not one for discussing Dryden's poetical merits. It is as a prosewriter that we have to speak of him in this volume, and of his prose critics have agreed to speak in praise not less unanimous than they have bestowed on his poetry; indeed, the quality which Johnson selects as the peculiar characteristic of his poetry, "good sense," is, wherever it exists, both more conspicuous in, and more essential to, prose than to poetry, inasmuch as prose is destitute of that metrical rhythm and variegated embellishment with which verse can often conceal or disguise poverty or incorrectness of thought. And, in like manner, Scott's description of his powers form a panegyric at least as suitable to a prose writer as to a poet. As he regards it, "the distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius seems to have been the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language." ('Life,' c. viii.) Applying these descriptions of his predominant qualities to his general prose style, we find a very close agreement between the praises which Johnson

and Hallam bestow upon it. The elder writer says of his prefaces or essays (in fact, all his essays. with the exception of his "Parallel between Poetry. and Painting," are prefaces), "None of them were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled. Every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little is gay; what is great is splendid. . . . Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete." Hallam's criticism is: "Its excellence is an ease and apparent negligence of phrase, which shows, as it were, a powerful mind en déshabille, as it were, and free from the fetters of study." And he proceeds to extol its "variety and copiousness of English idiom." While a greater than either, Walter Scott, puts his merits still higher, saying: "The prose of Dryden may rank with the best in the English language: it is no less of his own formation than his versification: is equally spirited, and equally harmonious;" and proceeding to contrast it with the style of the most illustrious of his contemporaries, he adds. "Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified where dignity is becoming. and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries."

If from this general survey we descend to a more minute investigation of each particular essay, we shall find more of natural acuteness and judicious observation, than of deep or accurate learning. a scholar, Johnson rightly places him below Milton or Cowley, but he bids us remember that "critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French;" and that, "he at least imported his science, and gave it what it wanted before; or rather he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill." And this remark points out the qualities for which we are to look in the following essays, and the standard by which we are to judge of them. We are not to expect to find in them any discussion of minute or verbal niceties of expression; for, though Dryden himself, in his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting," claims credit for "understanding Latin as well as most Englishmen," we may, without doing him any injustice, surely regard his proficiency in the classical languages as at best that of an accomplished gentleman, rather than of a professed scholar. But we may reasonably hope to find judgement founded on sound principles, and guided by acute discrimination : correctness of taste : sensibility to excellence of various kinds; candour to appreciate beauties; penetration to discern and to warn against defects; and for these qualities we shall not look in vain. We may perhaps think him a little too lenient in his references to such writers as Lucian, Statius, and Claudian; and we may be somewhat surprised or amused with the difference of the advantages which he conceives himself to

derive from the study of Horace and of Juvenal: owing, as he expresses himself, more to the earlier writer for his instruction, to the later poet for his But we cannot fail to see criticism of the highest class in the differences which he points out between the powers and style of Virgil and Ovid, and, among our own writers, to his comments on Spenser, Waller, and Milton, showing, in his remarks on all, whether ancient or modern, his keen and unvarying sense of the superiority of Homer to all, though it did not lie within his plan to discuss the points in which that superiority consists. even proposed, after he had completed his Virgil, and perhaps encouraged by the praises bestowed on that performance, to have followed it up by a translation of the 'Iliad;' and in the last volume he ever published he inserted a translation of the first book, and of one of the most exquisite passages in the whole poem, the parting of Hector and Andromache in the sixth. In this latter, few probably will deny his inferiority to Pope (though Pope falls miserably short of the delicacy and pathos of the great original). In the first book, and especially in the speeches of Achilles and Agamemnon, that inferiority is perhaps not so clear; though we may suppose that Johnson saw it, since he only honours it with the passing remark that, "Considering into whose hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that Dryden's project went no further."

The prefaces, and prefatory essays of Dryden are so numerous and so generally valuable, that it is not very easy to make a selection. The principle which has guided the present editor has been, to select such as were the most characteristic of the

author, and most varied in their kind. That on Satire seemed to meet the first requirement, because satire was evidently a favourite class of composition with him, and that too in which he has always been held to excel pre-eminently. The "Essay on Translation" appeared to partake of both principles; all his latter works were translations of one kind or another; while an essay on original composition, like that on Satire, must evidently proceed, in many respects, on different lines from one on works which make no pretence to originality. And the subject of the third, the "Parallel between Poetry and Painting," is one which will probably have interest for a wider circle of readers than could be attracted by purely literary criticism.

ESSAY ON SATIRE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, ENIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your Lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished in your obtaining those honours and dignities which you have so long deserved. There are no factions. though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human-kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and, though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as: there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably This is a truth so generally acknowledged that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed. and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly. say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition. and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have: any; for they who have never heard of you care neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you than that which the receive from the public, that you are the best of After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon and all who have the benefit of sight can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east a your first arising above the hemisphere; I was a soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the am-

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bition of a writer than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master A to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily than knowingly and justly: and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been ... acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity their knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet, even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship: a very unfinished piece. I must confess. and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretell you to mankind as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason, which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your

Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men; but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things which are somewhat congenial and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and native genius; which are as inborn to you as they were to Shakespeare, and, for aught I know, to Homer, in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced that your Lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain and the most ambitious of our age have not dared to assume so much as the competitors of Themistocles; they have yielded the first place without dispute, and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your Lordship, and even that also with a "longe sed proximi intervallo." If there have been or are any who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion; they must be like the officer in a play, who was called captain, lieutenant, and company. The world will easily conclude whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your lyrie poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to Satire; and in that, an author of your own

quality (whose ashes I shall not disturb) has given you all the commendation which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured Muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare; and insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric, where good-nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings; for they are everywhere so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses than I have seen in any of the moderns or even of the ancients; but you have been sparing of the gall, by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, & of all our countrymen, had your talent, but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And, were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair

sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation which my own partiality can give to my productions is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your Lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is the general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind, that wishes you so well in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fulness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or, which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for your own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist entirely without it; any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being: but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is anything of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and, should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers.

who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons, and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers. and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel; I am so far from defending my Poetry against them. that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them. or of their writings, could endure so long as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and, mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed; as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire: which is levelled particularly at them; and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good-manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and profaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets and their actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office; I speak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empowered, when you please, to give the final

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decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and false coin. A shilling, dipped in the bath, may go for gold amongst the ignorant; but the sceptres on the guineas show the difference. That your Lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove (were it not already granted by the world), from the distinguishing character of your writings; which is so visible to me, that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own brass (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not positively be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of

some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck; but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your Lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but, out of deference to his

friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies, both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you

have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs -her. What has been, may be again : another Homer. and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest for Stage Poetry amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all sorts of Poetry in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth: wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust. and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de' Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein Painting was revived, and Poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That, in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, equal to any of v the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil

government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet, the example only holds in Heroic Poetry; in Tragedy and Satire, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and, I would instance in Shakespeare of the former, of

your Lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country ; but, if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable : for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties. and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit : a praise so just, that even we. who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of Epic Poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must further add that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that

Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is, besides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, / I nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures, without the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conception, points of Epigram and witticism; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic Verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecnoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus,

under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not far below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no < one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his < adventures: and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or performance. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity. which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succours the rest. when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them : an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his Poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude:

for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice: and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other Epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Græcisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice. not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice: and, when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new

words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for this blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alledges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his Juvenilia, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

By this time, my lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroic poetry. But, if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces. or trouble the world with my notions of anything that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem: besides these, or the like animadversions of them or other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroic; which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul: whereas, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, enterprised for the

common good and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferi-

ority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, vet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, that the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of Heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior Providence); but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels, or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion, says he, is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Though St. Michael.

in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where Peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name. about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven. and a minister of hell: the same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined, like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends: pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained This, says Boileau, is a very unequal untaken. match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For if the poet

had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the crities. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy and in mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, That Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic Philosophy, as it is now christianised. would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no further controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the

exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and-zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observient of the law revealed. But how far these controversics and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man. who, being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epick poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory. has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise, the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker since their fall than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy

writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice

(though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons; which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our Imperial lines: with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But, being encouraged only by fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself, then your Lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my Lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one among many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richelieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you—

"Ne, forte, pudori Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo."

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet, you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground: but lies so hidden and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found: but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenour. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the "curiosa felicitas" which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so

justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence: we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature : and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, "Ut sibi quivis speret idem; sudet multum, frustraque laboret, ausus idem." And besides all this, it is your Lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloved with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call "Cæna dubia"; where there is such plenty, yet withal, so much diversity and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a

conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and, that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any others, which is the proposition I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellowlabourers have likewise commissioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of satire among the Romans.

describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and show the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epic is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it signifies anything which of them is of the

more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but, if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either 7 kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haste or negligence. omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace as his guides, and Vida and Bossu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, ly observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written dramas; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But, leaving the critics on either side to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger and Heinsius are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves by laying the blame on one another, and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in Holy Scripture, unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second-where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was Nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revillings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But, considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from Satyrus, that mixed kind of animal; or, as the ancients thought

him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon and his followers, with reason condemn this derivation, and prove that from Satyrus, the word satira, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For satira is not properly a substantive but an adjective, to which the word lanx, in English a charger or large platter, is understood, so that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems: but that they were wholly different in species from that to which the Romans gave the name of satyr.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into Nature without art, art begun. and art completed. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shown in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him; and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of Divine institution. Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they

were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior Being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason for their institution: the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds, so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit, (for want of knowing better), were the chief entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satires. whom I have already described; and taking them and the Sileni, that is, the young satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers : and these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as Nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their festivals, danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian; what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity

to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same in the persons of their petulant satvrs; but I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the satyrs, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this: that Casaubon, finding little light from antiquity of these beginnings of poetry amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of satyrs, who carried canisters, and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts; and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satyrs did the same, And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shown the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus-

> Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati, Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,

Cum sociis operum pueris, et conjuge fidâ, Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant, Floribus et vino genium, memorem brevis ævi; Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit."

"Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil, Content with little, and inur'd to toil, At harvest-bome, with mirth and country-cheer Restor'd their bodies for another year; Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope Of such a future feast, and future crop. Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs, Their little children, and their faithful spouse, A sow they slew to Vesta's deity And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee. With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd; A short life, and a merry, was the word. From flowing cups, defaming rhymes ensue, And at each other homely taunts they threw."

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace wrote concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the same beginning: both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving: and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse; amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satyrs; and amongst the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier, taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly,

that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries; and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed: and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the satire of the Romans which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words—

> "Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos Lusit amabiliter, donce jam sævus apertam In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; et per honestas Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura Conditione super communi, quinetiam lex, Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam Describi. Vertere modum formidine fustis, Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this: "Siquis occentassit malum carum, sive condidisit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto." A strange likeness, and barely possible; but the critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric

dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed; I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whatsoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ), mingled with them a chorus and dancers and satyrs, which had been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness; and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and, as we daily see, in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonery and farce. From hence it came, that the Olympic games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satirique tragedy was the last of them; for, in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these satiriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who, with his company, was driven on the coast of Sieily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and

some of them devoured; after which, Ulysses, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the "dramatis persone," as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your Lordship has perceived by this time, that this satyric tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different; for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness; were Scaliger and Heinsius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satiric poem, from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The satiric, says he, is a dramatic

poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs; the persons represented in it are illustrious men; the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event

of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these satiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire; those Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τοῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius, where the words are Virgil's; but by applying them to another sense, they are made the relation of a wedding. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragic poets: but he applies them satirically to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be supposed

to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambiques of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose titles bear a sufficient witness of it; I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others; but these are the under-wood of satire, rather than the timber-tree, they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece, and have proved, I hope, from the best critics, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture; I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that

others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, "Satira quidem tota nostra est;" and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry, "Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor." Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critics of the two best ages of the Roman empire, than that satire was

wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason than that the idea of wantonness is implied in the derivation of the name Satyrus. As if wantonness were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful; that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, anything of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from satura, a Roman word, which signifies full and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from satur, comes satura, or satura, according to the new spelling; as optumus and maxumus are now spelled optimus and maximus. Satura, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word lang, which is understood. And this lang, in English a charger or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals as the premises, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them παγκάρπον θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and πανπερμίαν, when they

offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgiques.

"Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta."

And in another place, "Lancesque et liba feremus:" that is, we offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word satura has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called leges satura, when they were of several heads and titles: like our tacked bills of Parliament. And per saturam legem ferre, in the Roman Senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word per saturam sententias exquirere; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them. took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called; for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had

never known any entertainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian, and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unhewn poetry was . instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made extempore, and were, as the French call them, impromptus; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that savage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet or measure. They were ἔρρυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and indecent.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their andience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards

retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn. celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: "Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem; ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem." The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in extempore doggerel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of indecency. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word hister signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab

Urbe Condita coxc; those actors, I say, were therefore called histriones: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master: and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the Archea Comædia, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year occocxiv. since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance

another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not anything of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the groundwork, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted. we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatum: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular

persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the meantime I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama: as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of impropriety; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exordiarii, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire; like different scions

from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born : who. when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the groundwork of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and, by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects and variety of matters contained in them. the satires of Horace are entirely like them: only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but, taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his Margites, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes. gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his faney For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambic trimeters; or with trochaic tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done in his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and now modelled into papers of verse, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the groundwork of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of all his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But, besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him: which Persius observes in his sixth satire: "Postquam destertuit esse Mæonides." But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the further disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

+ Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the Vetus Comcedia of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And, though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words. "Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem:" he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own; and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace, in these words: "Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laude adeptus est Lucilius."

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, among the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius wrote better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks

the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who wrote not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But, to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: "Satire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius. of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses; such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from satura, which we have observed." Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction, without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and This was that which cozened absolutely false. honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form; For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius

and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and, though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambics; a third of trochaics; as is visible by the fragments vet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original, to the times of Horace, and shown the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the meanwhile, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat

of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans: in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, whowas contemporary to Cicero, but must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius: he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with a mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least,

we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himself, giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shown his reasons why he did not ex professo write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted which are drawn from the very entrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose that they may more easily go down with the common sert of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words: "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called σπουδογελοΐοι, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he entitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialognes or epistles), but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know further of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of cynical impudence, and indecency: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντεία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius -Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by mny one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also be properly called Varronian satires; particularly his True History: and consequently the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Casars of Julian the

Emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Erasmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were: but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenser; and (if it be not too vain to mention anything of my own) the

poems of Absalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of a more general significance in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worse sense: or as the French call it, more properly, médisance. In the criticism of spelling it ought to be with i, and not with y, to distinguish its true derivation from satura, not from Saturus. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written satyr. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than satire.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus. that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours. to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus: the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy: but, when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice: I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong; for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man), that his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius,

whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in some things, to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not everywhere well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who wrote when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him; yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty: or whether the fear of his safety under Nero, compelled him to this darkness in some places; or, that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or, lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages: and none can be certain that he has divined

rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucian; both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge; so on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And, as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, that in some place he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witnessed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity.

cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.



To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him: and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shows a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls "Imitatio Horatiana."

To these defects, which I casually observed while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler; full of ostentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can allege in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part: and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was ineptus, indeed, but that was non aptissimus ad jocandum. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius showed his learning, but was no boaster of it: he did ostendere, but not ostentare: and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was

sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα more golden than gold itself, are everywhere swelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well born, and so nobly educated, as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that anything could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus. and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added. amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging, that it was se defendendo, for fear of Nero : and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of

making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, Casaubon quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime : fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that, where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called θαύματα not ρήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy. the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet

when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must $\chi \epsilon \lambda \dot{\omega} \nu a s \phi a \gamma \epsilon \hat{\nu} \nu \dot{\eta} \mu \dot{\eta} \phi a \gamma \epsilon \hat{\nu}$, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the meantime, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to He is therefore obliged to choose his exceptions. mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian. to another light, that he might give it the better Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit,

for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is further to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the stoic; the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul: to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any further than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my Lord, an epitome of Epictetus: the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoic philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some, perhaps, impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore

is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits with more profit to the audience than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition. and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind: virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best commonplaces for their sermons, as the store-houses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life. which the stoics have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides. like Horace, who is sometimes an epicurean, sometimes a stoic, sometimes an eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal. against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is everywhere the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a taxgatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells everywhere of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does plebeium sapere; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master: Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the stoic sect at Rome; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself; and in probability a coadjutor of Persius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave: but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I with a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenious. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so

pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him "tribunus militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilise his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be anywhere, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace wrote not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low : if his fault be too much lowness. That of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors and obscurity; and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal: a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non nostrum est tantas componere lites." I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is

already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns. his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satire: in which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas: but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our

Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my Lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence; I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative. have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and

ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge: but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there new living who are capable of this duty? When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches: no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted: no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit: no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have

removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life; but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors; they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned; to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments. may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited, so that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation : is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saving, since it is true, and to the purpose, "Bonum quo communius, eo melius." Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is, in all the rest, confined to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences: to give you the virtue of them, without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. "Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant;" he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing

vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico. tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit." This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by vitium, he means those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word omne, which is universal, he concludes with me. that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of Nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the most common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius. to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true he exposes Crispinus openly. as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal 7 exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue. rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing.

Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended; but his wit is faint; and his de salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal 4 is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home; his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no further. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the plain-dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble: his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute? to the pleasure of the reader: and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpetground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a

more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally grave: I question not but he could have raised it: for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus (a most instructive satire concerning poetry), is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shows, the sermo pedestris, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire. writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless: but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an

apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to show, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes: "Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere, carmen?" But to return to my purpose: when there is anything deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his compliment, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour; and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporising poet, a well-mannered court slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all. Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but

worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had been then living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures: I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour. in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not chose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it further than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace wrote his satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders. His licentiousness was universal and notorious, but his subjects must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured, and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law term, calls. " famosos libellos."

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: "Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidini, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat." Thus, in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognisance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was "Lex læsæ Majestatis;" commonly called for the sake of brevity, "Majestas"; or, as we say, high treason; he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables: to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty,

either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the fasces, which were borne before the chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, "under colour of that law," he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels. which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: "Sparsos de se in Curia famosos libellos, nec expavit, et magnà curà redarguit. ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit. cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant." Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor, for his own sake, durst not permit them: "Fecit id Augustus in speciem, et quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur." This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus: I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Casars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the

Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; "Omnia Cæsar erat:" they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his epodes, under this title. "In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam;" perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor

together.

From hence I many reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do anything for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and, avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his odes and epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for prior lesit, is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number: so that, though his age was not exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious

character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without further insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius: somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to profligacy, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement: vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace. that, according to the ancient art and law of satire. it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this. for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, "Secuit Urbem; et genuinum fregit in illis;"

meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: "Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit," etc. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. They changed satire, says Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes further than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday. whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal; but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low satire, so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author. which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn,

it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri, in my Absalom, is, in my opinion. worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he, for whom it was in-

buckerelliam-meryllis

tended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my Lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in the kind satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and to restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an "ense recidendum": but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: 2 7 yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but, if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp

ix whences

and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to

speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former: but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest further off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king, therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was

Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence

and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that @ Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them. for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him. notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to show that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

"I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satire made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outside: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of

men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices."

It is easy to observe that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our virtues, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themselves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is

of most importance to us, is to show the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth Eneid, where Eneas proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. "Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur oliva." Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, "Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto." Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. "Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, et tereti subnectit figula gemma." Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire; and the golden-belt, and the diamondbutton. "Tertius, Argolico hoc clypeo contentus abito." And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield. and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all

the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

. . . "Nomen famå tot ferre per annos, Tithoni primå quot abest ab origine Cæsar."

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the vear "ab urbe conditâ cccccxiv." I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year Urbis conditæ ccclxiv. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him. which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former wrote fables, the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire. According to that description, which Juvenal gives of it in his first: "Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri, est farrago libelli." This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the Archæa Comadia of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that, after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from them, in every man, are severely reprehended: partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low, familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which neither hatred, or laughter. or indignation is moved." Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition. or rather description of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satire properly

from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius : the rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause "consisting in a low familiar way of speech," which is, the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant: but how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them, a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the grande sophos of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of words, and the vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent. Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount and show their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was

more civilised, and better bred: and he wrote according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your Lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs. that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire, that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one

main design: and, though there be an under-plot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures. vet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the "Doppia favola," or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called "Il Pastor Fido;" where Corisca and the satire are the under-parts; yet we may observe that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts. must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, "Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum": vet he seems not so much to mind it in his satires. many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace; and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word satura signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal. who calls his poems a farrago, which is a word of the same signification with satura, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace.

And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversely treated in the several subordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which altogether may complete that olla, or hotchpotch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that ex officio, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue: and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by showing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old

declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general all virtues are everywhere to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no further with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace; it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your Lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it. and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory, he

was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my

censure: his satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse. and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the @ dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a bovish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that talk to others, who. not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so greata master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme. and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it; and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more

roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straightens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions, it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The Secchia Rapita is an Italiam poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroique verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived; has modelled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of

him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the Æneids—

"Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor, Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres."

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense—

"Non, ton Père à Paris, ne fut point Boulanger; Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horologer; Ta Mère ne fut point la Maîtresse d'une Coche; Caucase, dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche; Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté, Te fit, avec son laict, succer sa Cruauté."

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgique of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words; and enobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs—

"Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum, Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam."

And again-

"Sic Genus immortale manent; multosque per annos Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum."

We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think. my Lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic. finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordship but this bare hint, in

what manner this sort of satire may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself; of which the satire? is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author), I mean Milton; but as he endeavours everywhere to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness. I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had

somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called "The Fairy Queen;" and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and among the rest of his excellencies, had copied that, Looking further into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language, are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. "Delicate et bien tourné," are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a master-piece.

An example on the turn of words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's Metamorphoses—

"Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi! Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus; Alteriusque, animantem animantis vivere leto!"

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus—

"Tum jam nulla viro juranti foerina credat; Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles: Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci, Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt. Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est, Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant." An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epistolæ Heroidum of Sappho to Phaon—

> "Si nisi quæ formå poterit te digna videri, Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est,"

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgique of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth—

"Cum subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem; Ignoscenda quidem, cirent si ignoscere manes."

I will not burden your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties: I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expense can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a

little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands: and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as anything I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line. had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what is yet more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense; who, not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction; must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as, for example, this

verse in Virgil-

[&]quot;Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables: because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he wrote with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme : and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his illchosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it, we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome. it is, either when there was some kind of analogy. betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged: and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shown in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed: with great confusion, for having entertained you so long with this discourse; and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labours

of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obliged, most humble,
And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Aug. 18, 1692.

ESSAY ON TRANSLATION.

For this last half-year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation; the cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the history of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roscommon's essay on translated verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the

diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission: for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by these pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English. And where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life: where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself per-

haps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted while he was laving in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all

these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task: and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals. I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P.

Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked en Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could: for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: vet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop. and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting-off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucian. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him : for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him: and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for, where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hanibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous, of any translation of the Eneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters that Sperone Speroni, a great

Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excells all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty. which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings. his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense: but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I understand him better: at least I wrote without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this-

[&]quot;When Lausus died I was already slain."

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author—

"Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design; As I had used my fortune, use thou thine."

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured; and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere

confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal bona fide with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies; and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to

defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought-in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of anything I have done in this author.

I have not here designed to rob the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which

was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been anywhere obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be despatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shows his art and learning, by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso.

relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English: for which reason I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus wrote to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand. nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a critic, a satirist, and a writer of odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence only to serve a turn in poetry. But since neither his criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and railly is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present undertaking. I confine myself wholly to his odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them)

Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject, with almost imperceptible connections, that Theban poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's: but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called "Curiosa Felicitas," and which I suppose he had from the "Feliciter audere" of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness. his jollity, and his good-humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading. I have attempted to translate in Pindaric verse; it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming ensiness

of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But, if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word. somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly' figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats against his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of lyric poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it.

they may be stretched to the Euglish heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, "Quod nequeo dicere et sentio tantum" must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time-

> . . "Fungar vice cotis, acutum Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant, is no excuse: for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompense, let me assure

the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these incorrect essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

translation of Andre der Topranoja ant of Painting

PARALLEL BETWEEN POETRY AND PAINTING. 1694

Ir may be reasonably expected, that I should say something on my behalf, in respect to my present undertaking. First then, the reader may be pleased to know, that it was not of my own choice that I undertook this work. Many of our most skilful painters, and other artists, were pleased to recommend this author to me, as one who perfectly understood the rules of painting; who gave the best and most concise instructions for performance, and the surest to inform the judgment of all who loved this noble art; that they who before were rather fond of it, than knowingly admired it, might defend their inclination by their reason; that they might understand those excellencies which they blindly valued, so as not to be further imposed on by bad pieces, and to know when Nature was well imitated by the most able masters. It is true indeed, and they acknowledge it, that, besides the rules which are given in this treatise, or which can be given in any other, to make a perfect judgment of good pictures, and to value them more or less, when compared with another, there is further required a long conversation with the best pieces, which are not very frequent either in France or England; yet some we have, not only from the hands of Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyck (one of them is admirable for history-painting, and the other two for portraits), but of many Flemish masters, and those not inconsiderable, though for design not equal to the Italians. And of these latter also, we are not unfurnished with some pieces of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Michel Angelo, and But to return to my own undertaking of this translation; I freely own that I thought myself incapable of performing it, either to their satisfaction, or my own credit. Not but that I understood the original Latin, and the French author perhaps as well as most Englishmen; but I was not sufficiently versed in the terms of art: and therefore thought that many of those persons, who put this honourable task on me, were more able to perform it themselves, as undoubtedly they were. But they assuring me of their assistance in correcting my faults, where I spoke improperly, I was encouraged to attempt it, that I might not be wanting in what I could, to satisfy the desires of so many gentlemen who were willing to give the world this useful work. They have effectually performed their promise to me, and I have been as careful on my side to take their advice on all things, so that the reader may assure himself of a tolerable translation; not elegant, for I proposed not that to myself, but familiar, clear, and instructive: in any of which parts, if I have failed, the fault lies wholly at my door. In this one particular only, I must beg the reader's pardon: the prose translation of the poem is not free from poetical expressions, and I dare not promise that some of them are not fustian, or at least highly metaphorical; but, this being a fault in the first digestion, (that is, the original Latin), was not to be remedied in the second, viz. the translation; and I may confidently say, that whoever had attempted it, must have fallen into the same inconvenience, or a much greater, that of a false version. When I undertook this work, I was already engaged in the translation of Virgil, from whom I have borrowed only two months, and am now returning to that which I ought to understand better. In the meantime, I beg the reader's pardon for entertaining him so long with myself; it is an usual part of ill manners in all authors, and almost in all mankind, to trouble others with their business; and I was so sensible of it before-hand, that I had not now committed it, unless some concernments of the readers had been interwoven with my own. But I know not, while I am atoning for one error, if I am not falling into another: for I have been importuned to say something further of this art; and to make some observations on it, in relation to the likeness and agreement which it has with poetry its sister. But before I proceed, it will not be amiss, if I copy from Bellori (a most ingenious author) some part of his idea of a painter, which cannot be unpleasing, at least to such who are conversant in the philosophy of Plato; and, to avoid tediousness, I will not translate the whole discourse, but take and leave, as I find occasion.

"God Almighty, in the fabric of the universe, first contemplated himself, and reflected on his own excellencies; from which he drew and constituted those first forms, which are called ideas, so that every species which was afterwards expressed was produced from that first idea, forming that wonderful contexture of all created beings. But the celestial bodies above the moon being incorruptible and not subject to change, remained for ever fair and in perpetual order. On the contrary, all things which are sublunary are subject to change, to deformity, and to decay; and though Nature always intends a consummate beauty in her productions, yet through the inequality of the matter, the forms are altered; and in particular human beauty suffers alteration for the worse, as we see to our mortification, in the deformities and disproportions which are in us. For which reason, the artful painter, and the sculptor, imitating the Divine Maker, form to themselves, as well as they are able, a model of the superior beauties; and, reflecting on them, endeavour to correct and amend the common Nature. and to represent it as it was first created, without fault, either in colour or in lineament.

"The idea, which we may call the goddess of painting and of sculpture, descends upon the marble and the cloth, and becomes the original of those arts: and being measured by the compass of the intellect, is itself the measure of the performing hand: and, being animated by the imagination, infuses life into the image. The idea of the painter and the sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect and excellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined forms all things are represented which fall under human sight; such is the definition which is made by Cicero, in his book of the Orator, to Brutus. "As therefore in forms and figures there is somewhat which is excellent and perfect, to which imagined

species all things are referred by imitation, which are the objects of sight; in like manner we behold the species of eloquence in our minds, the efficies, or actual image of which we seek in the organs of our hearing. This is likewise confirmed by Proclus, in the dialogue of Plato, called Timæus; If, says he, you take a man as he is made by Nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of Art, the work of Nature will always appear the less beautiful, because Art is more accurate than Nature.' But Zeuxis, who, from the choice which he made of five virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helena, which Cicero, in his Orator before mentioned, sets before us, as the most perfect example of beauty, at the same time admonishes a painter to contemplate the ideas of the most natural forms; and to make a judicious choice of several bodies, all of them the most elegant which we can find: by which we may plainly understand, that he thought it impossible to find in any one body all those perfections which he sought for the accomplishment of a Helena, because Nature in any individual person makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts. For this reason Maximus Tyrius also says, that the image which is taken by a painter from several bodies produces a beauty, which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues. Thus Nature, on this account, is so much inferior to Art, that those artists who propose to themselves only the imitation or likeness of such or such a particular person, without election of those ideas before mentioned, have often been reproached for that omission. Demetrius was taxed for being too natural : Dionysius was also blamed for drawing

men like us, and was commonly called 'Ανθρωπόγραdos, that is, a painter of men. In our times, Michel Angelo da Caravaggio was esteemed too natural: he drew persons as they were; and Bamboccio, and most of the Dutch painters, have drawn the worst likeness. Lysippus, of old, upbraided the common sort of sculptors for making men such as they were found in Nature; and boasted of himself. that he made them as they ought to be; which is a precept of Aristotle, given as well to poets as to painters. Phidias raised an admiration even to astonishment in those who beheld his statues, with the forms which he gave to his gods and heroes, by imitating the idea rather than Nature; and Cicero, speaking of him, affirms, that figuring Jupiter and Pallas, he did not contemplate any object from whence he took any likeness, but considered in his own mind a great and admirable form of beauty, and according to that image in his soul, he directed the operation of his hand. Seneca also seems to wonder that Phidias, having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind. Apollonius Tyanæus says the same in other words, that the fancy more instructs the painter than the imitation; for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes also the things which it never sees.

"Leon Battista Alberti tells us, that we ought not so much to love the likeness as the beauty, and to choose from the fairest bodies severally the fairest parts. Leonardo da Vinci instructs the painter to form this idea to himself; and Raffaelle, the greatest of all modern masters, writes thus to Castiglione.

concerning his Galatea: 'To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones; but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea, which 'I have formed to myself in my own fancy.' Guido Reni sending to Rome his St. Michael, which he had painted for the church of the Capuchins, at the same time wrote to Monsignor Massano, who was the maestro di casa (or steward of the house) to Pope Urban VIII, in this manner: 'I wish I had the wings of an angel, to have ascended into Paradise and there to have beheld the forms of those beautified spirits, from which I might have copied my archangel; but, not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search his resemblance here below: so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty, which I have formed in my own imagination. I have likewise created there the contrary idea of deformity and ugliness; but I leave the consideration of it till I paint the devil, and in the meantime shun the very thought of it as much as possibly I can, and am even endeavouring to blot it wholly out of my remembrance.' There was not any lady in all antiquity who was mistress of so much beauty, as was to be found in the Venus of Cnidus, made by Praxiteles, or the Minerva of Athens, by Phidias, which was therefore called the Beautiful Form. Neither is there any man of the present age equal in the strength, proportion, and knitting of his limbs, to the Hercules of Farnese, made by Glycon; or any woman who can justly be compared with the Medicean Venus of Cleomenes. And upon this account the noblest poets and the

best orators, when they desire to celebrate any extraordinary beauty, are forced to have recourse to statues and pictures, and to draw their persons and faces into comparison: Ovid, endeavouring to express the beauty of Cyllarus, the fairest of the Centaurs, celebrates him as next in perfection to the most admirable statues—

- Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humerique, manusque, Pectoraque, artificum laudatis proxima signis.*
- A pleasing vigour his fair face expressed; His neck, his hands, his shoulders, and his breast, Did next in gracefulness and beauty stand, To breathing figures of the sculptor's hand.'

In another place he sets Apelles above Venus.

Si Venerem Cois nunquam pinxisset Apelles, Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.*

Thus varied-

- One birth to seas the Cyprian goddess ow'd,
 A second birth the painter's art bestow'd;
 Less by the seas than by his pow'r was given;
 They made her live, but he advanced to heaven.
- "The idea of this beauty is indeed various, according to the several forms which the painter or sculptor would describe: as one in strength, another in magnanimity; and sometimes it consists in cheerfulness, and sometimes in delicacy, and is always diversified by the sex and age.

"The beauty of Jove is one, and that of Juno another: Hercules and Cupid are perfect beauties, though of different kinds; for beauty is only that which makes all things as they are in their proper and perfect nature, which the best painters always choose, by contemplating the forms of each. We ought further to consider, that a picture being the representation of a human action, the painter ought to retain in his mind the examples of all affections and passions; as a poet preserves the idea of an angry man, of one who is fearful, sad, or merry; and so of all the rest; for it is impossible to express that with the hand, which never entered into the imagination. In this manner, as I have rudely and briefly shown you, painters and sculptors, choosing the most elegant natural beauties, perfectionate the idea, and advance their art, even above Nature itself, in her individual productions, which is the utmost mastery of human performance.

"From hence arises that astonishment, and almost adoration, which is paid by the knowing to those divine remains of antiquity. From hence Phidias, Lysippus, and other noble sculptors, are still held in veneration; and Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and other admirable painters, though their works are perished, are and will be eternally admired; who all of them drew after the ideas of perfection; which are the miracles of Nature, the providence of the understanding, the exemplars of the mind, the light of the fancy; the sun, which from its rising, inspired the statue of Memnon, and the fire which warmed into life the image of Prometheus; it is this which causes the graces and the loves to take up their habitations in the hardest marble, and to subsist in the emptiness of light and shadows. But, since the idea of eloquence is as inferior to that of painting as the force of words is to the sight, I must here break off abruptly; and having conducted the reader, as it were, to a secret walk, there leave him in the midst of silence to contemplate those ideas which I have only sketched, and which every man must finish to himself."

In these pompous expressions, or such as these. the Italian has given you his idea of a painter; and though I cannot much commend the style, I must needs say, there is somewhat in the matter: Plato himself is accustomed to write loftily, imitating, as the critics tell us, the manner of Homer; but surely that inimitable poet had not so much of smoke in his writings, though not less of fire. But in short. this is the present genius of Italy. What Philostratus tells us, in the poem of his Figures, is somewhat plainer, and therefore I will translate it almost word for word: "He who will rightly govern the art of painting ought, of necessity. w first to understand human nature. He ought likewise to be endued with a genius to express the signs of their passions whom he represents, and to make the dumb, as it were, to speak: he must yet further understand what is contained in the constitution of the cheeks, in the temperament of the eves, in the naturalness (if I may so call it) of the evebrows; and in short, whatsoever belongs to the mind and thought. He who thoroughly possesses all these things will obtain the whole, and the hand will exquisitely represent the action of every particular person; if it happens that he be either mad or angry, melancholic or cheerful, a sprightly youth or a languishing lover: in one word, he will be able to paint whatsoever is proportionable to any one. And even in all this there is a sweet error without causing any shame: for

the eyes and mind of the beholders being fastened on objects which have no real being, as if they were truly existent, and being induced by them to believe them so, what pleasure is it not capable of giving? The ancients, and other wise men, have written many things concerning the symmetry, which is in the art of painting: constituting, as it were, some certain laws for the proportion of every member; not thinking it possible for a painter to undertake the expression of those motions which are in the mind without a concurrent harmony in the natural measure; for that which is out of its own kind and measure is not received from Nature. whose motion is always right. On a serious consideration of this matter, it will be found, that the art of painting has a wonderful affinity with that of poetry, and there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the poets introduce the gods and heroes, and all those things which are either majestical, honest, or delightful; in like manner, the painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights, and shadows, represent the same things and persons in their pictures." Thus, as convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants, till they may prosecute the rest of their voyage without danger, so Philostratus has brought me thus far on my way, and I can now sail on without him. He has begun to speak of the great relation betwixt painting and poetry, and thither the greatest part of this discourse, by my promise, was directed. I have not engaged myself to any perfect method, neither am I loaded with a full cargo: it is sufficient if I bring a sample of some goods in this voyage. It will be easy for others to add more when the commerce is settled: for a treatise, twice as large as this, of painting, could not contain all that might be said on the parallel of these two sister-arts. I will take my rise from Bellori before I proceed to the author of this book.

The business of his preface is to prove, that a learned painter should form to himself an idea of perfect Nature. This image he is to set before his mind in all his undertakings, and to draw from thence, as from a storehouse, the beauties which are to enter into his work: thereby correcting Nature from what actually she is in individuals, to what she ought to be, and what she was created. Now as this idea of perfection is of little use in portraits. or the resemblances of particular persons, so neither is it in the characters of comedy and tragedy, which are never to be made perfect, but always to - be drawn with some specks of frailty and deficience: such as they have been described to us in history. if they were real characters; or such as the poet began to show them, at their first appearance, if they were only fictitious, or imaginary. The perfection of such stage characters consists chiefly in their likeness to the deficient faulty nature, which is their original; only (as it is observed more at large hereafter) in such cases there will always be found a better likeness and a worse, and the better is constantly to be chosen; I mean in tragedy. which represents the figures of the highest form among mankind; thus, in portraits, the painter will not take that side of the face which has some notorious blemish in it, but either draw it in profile. as Apelles did Antigonus, who had lost one of his

eyes, or else shadow the more imperfect side: for an ingenious flattery is to be allowed to the professors of both arts, so long as the likeness is not destroyed. It is true, that all manner of imperfections must not be taken away from the characters; and the reason is that there may be left some grounds of pity for their misfortunes; we can never be grieved for their miseries who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby justly called their calamities on themselves; such men are the natural objects of our hatred, not of our commiseration. If, on the other side, their characters were wholly perfect, such as, for example, the character of a saint or martyr in a play, his or her misfortunes would produce impious thoughts in the beholders: they would accuse the heavens of injustice, and think of leaving a religion where piety was so ill requited. I say the greater part would be tempted to do so; I say not that they ought; and the consequence is too dangerous for the practice. In this I have accused myself for my own St. Catherine; but let truth prevail. Sophocles has taken the just medium in his Œdipus: he is somewhat arrogant at his first entrance, and is too inquisitive through the whole tragedy; yet these imperfections being balanced by great virtues, they hinder not our compassion for his miseries, neither yet can they destroy that horror which the nature of his crimes has excited in us. Such in painting are the warts and moles, which, adding a likeness to the face, are not, therefore, to be omitted; but these produce no loathing in us; but how far to proceed, and where to stop, is left to the judgment of the poet and the painter. In comedy there is somewhat more of the worse

likeness to be taken, because that is often to produce laughter, which is occasioned by the sight of some deformity; but for this I refer the reader to Aristotle. It is a sharp manner of instruction for the vulgar, who are never well amended till they are more than sufficiently exposed, that I may return to the beginning of this remark, concerning perfect ideas, I have only this to say, that the parallel is often true in epic poetry.

The heroes of the poets are to be drawn according to this rule; there is scarce a frailty to be left in the best of them, any more than to be found in a divine nature. And if Æneas sometimes weeps, it is not in bemoaning his own miseries, but those which his people undergo. If this be an imperfection, the Son of God, when he was incarnate, shed tears of compassion over Jerusalem: and Lentulus describes him often weeping, but never laughing; so that Virgil is justified even from the Holy Scrip-I have but one word more, which for once I will anticipate from the author of this book. Though it must be an idea of perfection from which both the epic poet and the history painter draws, yet all perfections are not suitable to all subjects, but every one must be designed according to that perfect beauty which is proper to him: An Apollo must be distinguished from a Jupiter, a Pallas from a Venus; and so in poetry, an Æneas from any other hero, for piety is his chief perfec-Homer's Achilles is a kind of exception to this rule; but then he is not a perfect hero, nor so intended by the poet. All his gods had somewhat of human imperfection, for which he has been taxed by Plato as an imitator of what was bad. But Virgil observed his fault, and mended it. Yet Achilles was perfect in the strength of his body, and the vigour of his mind. Had he been less passionate or less revengeful, the poet well foresaw that Hector had been killed, and Troy taken at the first assault: which had destroyed the beautiful contrivance of his Iliad, and the moral of preventing discord amongst confederate princes, which was his principal intention: for the moral (as Bossu observes) is the first business of the poet, as being the groundwork of his instruction. This being formed, he contrives such a design or fable, as may be most suitable to the moral; after this he begins to think of the persons whom he is to employ in carrying on his design, and gives them the manners which are most proper to their several characters. The thoughts and words are the last parts which give beauty and colouring to the piece. When I say that the manners of the hero ought to be good in perfection, I contradict not the Marquis of Normanby's opinion, in that admirable verse, where, speaking of a perfect character, he calls it-

"A faultless monster, which the world ne'er knew."

For that excellent critic intended only to speak of dramatic characters, and not of epic. Thus at least I have shown, that in the most perfect poem, which is that of Virgil, a perfect idea was required and followed; / and, consequently, that all succeeding poets, ought rather to imitate him, than even Homer. I will now proceed, as I promised, to the author of this book: He tells you, almost in the first lines of it, that "the chief end of painting is to please the eyes; and it is one great end of poetry

to please the mind." Thus far the parallel of the arts holds true; with this difference, that the principal end of painting is to please, and the chief design of poetry is to instruct. In this the latter seems to have the advantage of the former. But if we consider the artists themselves on both sides. certainly their aims are the very same; they would both make sure of pleasing, and that in preference to instruction. Next, the means of this pleasure is by deceit: one imposes on the sight, and the other on the understanding. Fiction is of the essence of poetry as well as of painting: there is a resemblance in one of human bodies, things, and actions, which are not real; and in the other, of a true story by a fiction. And, as all stories are not proper subjects for an epic poem or a tragedy, so neither are they for a noble picture. The subjects both of the one and of the other ought to have nothing of immoral, low, or filthy in them; but this being treated at large in the book itself, I wave it to avoid repetition. Only I must add, that though Catullus, Ovid. and others, were of another opinion, that the subject of poets, and even their thoughts and expressions, might be loose, provided their lives were chaste and holy, yet there are no such licences permitted in that art, any more than in painting to design and colour obscene nudities. "Vita proba est," is no excuse; for it will scarcely be admitted, that either a poet or a painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their writings and their pictures. We see nothing of this kind in Virgil; that which comes the nearest to it is the adventure of the Cave, where Dido and Æneas were driven by the storm; yet even there, the poet pretends a

marriage, and Juno herself was present at it. Neither is there any expression in that story which a Roman matron might not read without a blush. Besides, the poet passes over it as hastily as he can, as if he were afraid of staying in the cave with the two lovers, and of being a witness to their actions. Now I suppose that a painter would not be much commended, who should pick out this cavern from the whole Eneis, when there is not another in the work. He had better leave them in their obscurity, than let in a flash of lightning to clear the natural darkness of the place, by which he must discover himself as much as them. The altar-pieces, and holy decorations of painting, show that art may be applied to better uses as well as poetry; and amongst many other instances, the Farnese Gallery, painted by Hannibal Carracci, is a sufficient witness yet remaining: the whole work being morally instructive, and particularly the Hercules Bivium, which is a perfect triumph of virtue over vice, as it is wonderfully well described by the ingenious Bellori.

Hitherto I have only told the reader what ought not to be the subject of a picture or of a poem. What it ought to be on either side our author tells us. It must in general be great and noble; and in this the parallel is exactly true. The subject of a poet, either in tragedy, or in an epic poem, is a great action of some illustrious hero. It is the same in painting: not every action, nor every person, is considerable enough to enter into the cloth. It must be the anger of an Achilles, the piety of an Æneas, the sacrifice of an Iphigenia; for heroines as well as heroes are comprehended in the rule.

But the parallel is more complete in tragedy than in an epic poem: for as a tragedy may be made out of many particular episodes of Homer or of Virgil; so may a noble picture be designed out of this or that particular story in either author. History is also fruitful of designs, both for the painter and the tragic poet: Curtius throwing himself into a gulph, and the two Decii sacrificing themselves for the safety of their country, are subjects for tragedy and picture. Such is Scipio, restoring the Spanish Bride, whom he either loved, or may be supposed to love; by which he gained the hearts of a great nation, to interest themselves for Rome against Carthage: these are all but particular pieces in Livy's history, and yet are full, complete subjects for the pen and pencil. Now the reason of this is evident: tragedy and picture are more narrowly circumscribed by the mechanic rules of time and place than the epic poem: the time of this last is left indefinite. It is true, Homer took up only the space of eight-and-forty days for his Iliad; but whether Virgil's action was comprehended in a year, or somewhat more, is not determined by Bossu. Homer made the place of his action Troy, and the Grecian camp besieging it. Virgil introduces his Æneas sometimes in Sicily. sometimes in Carthage, and other times at Cume. before he brings him to Laurentum; and even after that, he wanders again to the kingdom of Evander. and some parts of Tuscany, before he returns to finish the war by the death of Turnus. But tragedy, according to the practice of the ancients, was always confined within the compass of twenty-four hours, and seldom takes up so much time. As for

the place of it, it was always one, and that not in a larger sense, as, for example, a whole city, or two or three several houses in it, but the market, or some other public place, common to the chorus and all the actors; which established law of theirs I have not an opportunity to examine in this place, because I cannot do it without digression from my subject, though it seems too strict at the first appearance, because it excludes all secret intrigues, which are the beauties of the modern stage; for nothing can be carried on with privacy, when the chorus is supposed to be always present. But to proceed: I must say this to the advantage of painting, even above tragedy, that what this last represents in the space of many hours, the former shows us in one moment. The action, the passion, and the manners of so many persons as are contained in a picture, are to be discerned at once in the twinkling of an eye; at least they would be so, if the sight could travel over so many different objects all at once, or the mind could digest them all at the same instant, or point of time. Thus in the famous picture of Poussin, which represents the institution of the blessed Sacrament, you see our Saviour and his twelve disciples, all concurring in the same action, after different manners, and in different postures; only the manners of Judas are distinguished from the rest. Here is but one indivisible point of time observed; but one action performed by so many persons, in one room, and at the same table; yet the eye cannot comprehend at once the whole object, nor the mind follow it so fast; it is considered at leisure and seen by intervals. Such are the subjects of noble pictures, and such are only to

be undertaken by noble hands. There are other parts of Nature which are meaner, and yet are the subjects both of painters and of poets.

For to proceed in the parallel: as comedy is a representation of human life in inferior persons and low subjects, and by that means creeps into the nature of poetry, and is a kind of juniper, a shrub belonging to the species of cedar; so is the painting of clowns, the representation of a Dutch Kermis, the brutal sport of Snick-or-Snee, and a thousand other things of this mean invention, a kind of picture which belongs to Nature, but of the lowest form. Such is a Lazar in comparison to a Venus; both are drawn in human figures; they have faces alike, though not like faces. There is yet a lower sort of poetry and painting, which is out of Nature: for a farce is that in poetry which grotesque is in a picture: the persons and actions of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false; that is, inconsistent with the characters of mankind. Grotesque painting is the just resemblance of this; and Horace begins his art of poetry, by describing such a figure with a man's head, a horse's neck, the wings of a bird, and a fish's tail, parts of different species jumbled together, according to the mad imagination of the dauber; and the end of all this, as he tells you afterwards, is to cause laughter: a very monster in Bartholomew Fair, for the mob to gape at for their twopence. Laughter is, indeed, the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs. It is a kind of a bastard pleasure too, taken in at the eves of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the

honest countryman at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce-scribblers make use of the same noble invention to entertain citizens, county gentlemen, and Covent-Garden fops: if they are merry, all goes well on the poet's side. The better sort go thither too, but in despair of sense and the just images of Nature, which are the adequate pleasures of the mind. But the author can give the stage no better than what was given him by Nature: and the actors must represent such things as they are capable to perform, and by which both they and the scribbler may get their living. After all, it is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh; and, as Sir William Davenant observes, in his preface to Gondibert, "It is the wisdom of a government to permit plays (he might have added farces), as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horses to make them carry their burdens cheerfully."

I have already shown that one main end of poetry and painting is to please, and have said something of the kinds of both, and of their subjects, in which they bear a great resemblance to each other. I must now consider them as they are great and noble arts: and as they are arts, they must have rules which may direct them to their common end.

To all arts and sciences, but more particularly to these, may be applied what Hippocrates says of physic, as I find him cited by an eminent French critic. "Medicine has long subsisted in the world; the principles of it are certain, and it has a certain way; by both which there has been found, in the

course of many ages, an infinite number of things, the experience of which has confirmed its usefulness and goodness. All that is wanting to the perfection of this art, will undoubtedly be found, if able men. and such as are instructed in the ancient rules, will make a further inquiry into it, and endeavour to arrive at that which is hitherto unknown by that which is already known. But all, who having rejected the ancient rules, and taken the opposite ways, yet boast themselves to be masters of this art, do but deceive others, and are themselves de-

ceived; for that is absolutely impossible."

This is notoriously true in these two arts; for the way to please being to imitate Nature, both the poets and the painters in ancient times, and in the best ages, have studied her; and from the practice of both these arts the rules have been drawn, by which we are instructed how to please, and to compass that end which they obtained, by following their example; for Nature is still the same in all ages, and can never be contrary to herself. Thus, from the practice of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Aristotle drew his rules for tragedy, and Philostratus for painting. Thus amongst the moderns, the Italian and French critics, by studying the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, and having the example of the Grecian poets before their eyes, have given us the rules of modern tragedy; and thus the critics of the same countries, in the art of painting, have given the precepts of perfecting that art. It is true, that poetry has one advantage over painting in these last ages, that we have still the remaining examples both of the Greek and Latin poets: whereas the painters have nothing

left them from Apelles, Protogenes, Parrhasius. Zeuxis, and the rest, but only the testimonies which are given of their incomparable works. But instead of this, they have some of their best statues, bassorelievos, columns, obelisks, etc., which are saved out of the common ruin, and are still preserved in Italy: and by well distinguishing what is proper to sculpture, and what to painting, and what is common to them both, they have judiciously repaired that loss: and the great genius of Raphael and others, having succeeded to the times of barbarism and ignorance, the knowledge of painting is now arrived to a supreme perfection, though the performance of it is much declined in the present age. The greatest age for poetry amongst the Romans, was certainly that of Augustus Cæsar; and yet we are told, that painting was then at its lowest ebb, and perhaps. sculpture was also declining at the same time. In the reign of Domitian, and some who succeeded him. poetry was but meanly cultivated, but painting eminently flourished. I am not here to give the history of the two arts, how they were both in a manner extinguished by the irruption of the barbarous nations, and both restored about the times of Leo X., Charles V., and Francis I., though I might observe, that neither Ariosto, nor any of hiscontemporary poets, ever arrived at the excellency of Raphael, Titian, and the rest in painting. But in revenge, at this time, or lately in many countries, poetry is better practised than her sister-art. To what height the magnificence and encouragement of the present King of France may carry painting and sculpture is uncertain; but by what he has done before the war in which he is engaged, we may

expect what he will do after the happy conclusion of a peace; which is the prayer and wish of all those who have not an interest to prolong the miseries of Europe. For it is most certain, as our author, amongst others, has observed, that reward is the spur of virtue, as well in all good arts, as in all laudable attempts; and emulation, which is the other spur, will never be wanting either amongst poets or painters, when particular rewards and prizes are proposed to the best deservers. But to return from this digression, though it was almost necessary, all the rules of painting are methodically, concisely, and yet clearly delivered in this present treatise which I have translated; Bossu has not given more exact rules for the epic poem, nor Dacier for tragedy, in his late excellent translation of Aristotle, and his notes upon him, than our Fresnoy has made for painting: with the parallel of which I must resume my discourse, following my author's text, though with more brevity than I intended, because Virgil calls me.

"The principal and most important part of painting is to know what is most beautiful in Nature, and most proper for that art." That which is the most beautiful is the most noble subject; so in poetry, tragedy is more beautiful than comedy, because, as I said, the persons are greater whom the poet instructs: and, consequently, the instructions of more benefit to mankind: the action is likewise greater and more noble, and thence is derived the greater and more noble pleasure.

To imitate Nature well in whatsoever subject, is the perfection of both arts; and that picture, and that poem, which comes nearest the resemblance of Nature, is the best; but it follows not, that what pleases most in either kind is therefore good, but what ought to please. Our depraved appetites and ignorance of the arts mislead our judgments, and cause us often to take that for true imitation of Nature, which has no resemblance of Nature in it. To inform our judgments, and to reform our tastes, rules were invented, that by them we might discern when Nature was imitated, and how nearly. I have been forced to recapitulate these things, because mankind is not more liable to deceit than it is willing to continue in a pleasing error, strengthened by a long habitude. The imitation of Nature is therefore justly constituted as the general, and indeed the only rule of pleasing, both in poetry and painting. Aristotle tells us, that imitation pleases, because it affords matter for a reasoner to inquire into the truth or falsehood of imitation, by comparing its likeness or unlikeness with the original: but by this rule, every speculation in Nature, whose truth falls under the inquiry of a philosopher, must produce the same delight, which is not true. I should rather assign another reason: truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will: and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can choose an apparent evil. As truth is the end of all our speculations, so the discovery of it is the pleasure of them; and since a true knowledge of Nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of her, either in poetry or painting, must of necessity produce a much greater: for both these arts, as I said before, are not only true imitations of Nature, but of the best Nature, of that which is wrought up to a nobler pitch. They present us

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with images more perfect than the life in any individual, and we have the pleasure to see all the scattered beautics of Nature united by a happy chemistry, without its deformities or faults. They are imitations of the passions which always move, and therefore consequently please: for without motion there can be no delight, which cannot be considered but as an active passion. When we view these elevated ideas of Nature, the result of that view is admiration, which is always the cause of pleasure.

This foregoing remark, which gives the reason why imitation pleases, was sent me by Mr. Walter Moyle, a most ingenious young gentleman, conversant in all the studies of humanity, much above his years. He had also furnished me, according to my request, with all the particular passages in Aristotle and Horace, which are used by them to explain the art of poetry by that of painting; which, if ever I have time to retouch this essay, shall be inserted in their places. Having thus shown that imitation pleases, and why it pleases, in both these arts, it follows, that some rules of imitation are necessary to obtain the end; for without rules there can be no art, any more than there can be a house without a door to conduct you into The principal parts of painting and poetry mext follow.

Invention is the first part, and absolutely necessary to them both; yet no rule ever was or can be given how to compass it. A happy genius is the gift of Nature: it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists; it is the particular gift of heaven,

say the divines, both Christians and heathens. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none; that nothing can be done without it, all agree—

"Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ."

Without invention a painter is but a copier, and a poet but a plagiary of others. Both are allowed sometimes to copy and translate; but, as our author tells you, that is not the best part of their reputation. "Imitators are but a servile kind of cattle," says the poet: or at best, the keepers of cattle for other men: they have nothing which is properly their own; that is a sufficient mortification for me, while I am translating Virgil. But to copy the best author is a kind of praise if I perform it as I ought; as a copy after Raphael is more to be commended than an original of any indifferent painter.

Under this head of invention is placed the disposition of the work, to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece. "The compositions of the painter should be conformable to the text of ancient authors, to the custom and the times;" and this is exactly the same in poetry: Homer and Virgil are to be our guides in the epic; Sophocles and Euripides in tragedy; in all things we are to imitate the customs and the times of those persons and things which we represent: not to make new rules of tho drama, as Lopez de Vega has attempted unsuccessfully to do, but to be content to follow our masters, who understood Nature better than we. But if the story which we treat be modern, we are to vary the customs, according to the time and the country

where the scene of action lies: for this is still to imitate Nature, which is always the same, though in a different dress.

As "in the composition of a picture, the painter is to take care that nothing enter into it, which is not proper or convenient to the subject;" so likewise is the poet to reject all incidents which are foreign to his poem, and are naturally no parts of it: they are wens, and other excrescences, which belong not to the body, but deform it. No person, no incident in the piece or in the play, but must be of use to carry on the main design. All things else are like six fingers to the hand, when Nature, which is superfluous in nothing, can do her work with five. "A painter must reject all trifling ornaments;" so must a poet refuse all tedious and unnecessary descriptions. A robe which is too heavy, is less an ornament than a burden. In poetry, Horace calls these things-

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ."

These are also the lucus et ara Dianæ, which he mentions in the same Art of Poetry: but since there must be ornaments, both in painting and poetry, if they are not necessary, they must at least be decent; that is, in their due place, and but moderately used. The painter is not to take so much pains about the drapery, as about the face, where the principal resemblance lies; neither is the poet, who is working up a passion, to make similes, which will certainly make it languish. My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth, but it is out of season. Where there are more figures in a picture than are necessary, or at least ornamental, our

author calls them "figures to be let," because the picture has no use of them: so I have seen in some modern plays above twenty actors, when the action has not required half the number. In the principal figures of a picture, the painter is to employ the sinews of his art, for in them consists the principal beauty of his work. Our author saves me the comparison with tragedy: for he says, that "herein he is to imitate the tragic poet, who employs his utmost force in those places, wherein consist the height and beauty of the action."

Du Fresnoy, whom I follow, makes design, or drawing, the second part of painting; but the rules which he gives concerning the posture of the figures are almost wholly proper to that art, and admit not any comparison, that I know, with poetry. The posture of a poetic figure is, as I conceive, the description of his heroes in the performance of such or such an action: as of Achilles, just in the act of killing Hector; or of Æneas, who has Turnus under him. Both the poet and the painter vary the postures, according to the action or passion, which they represent of the same person. But all must be great and graceful in them. The same Æneas must be drawn a suppliant to Dido, with respect in his gestures, and humility in his eyes; but when he is forced, in his own defence, to kill Lausus, the poet shows him compassionate, and tempering the severity of his looks with a reluctance to the action which he is going to perform. He has pity on his beauty and his youth, and is loth to destroy such a master-piece of Nature. He considers Lausus rescuing his father, at the hazard of his own life, as an image of himself, when he took Anchises on his shoulders,

and bore him safe through the rage of the fire, and the opposition of his enemies; and therefore, in the posture of a retiring man, who avoids the combat, he stretches out his arm in sign of peace, with his right foot drawn a little back, and his breast bending inward, more like an orator than a soldier; and seems to dissuade the young man from pulling on his destiny, by attempting more than he was able to perform. Take the passage as I have thus translated it—

"Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield;
All, fir'd with noble emulation, strive,
And with a storm of darts to distance drive
The Trojan chief; who, held at bay, from far
On his Vulcanian orb sustained the war.
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
Their first assault undaunted did abide;
And thus to Lausus, loud, with friendly threat'ning cry'd,
Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,
Betrayed by pious love!

And afterwards, He griev'd, he wept, the sight and image brought Of his own filial love a sadly pleasing thought."

But, beside the outlines of the posture, the design of the picture comprehends in the next place the "forms of faces which are to be different;" and so in a poem, or play, must the several characters of the persons be distinguished from each other. I knew a poet, whom out of respect I will not name, who, being too witty himself, could draw nothing but wits in a comedy of his; even his fools were infected with the disease of their author: they overflowed with smart repartees, and were only dis-

tinguished from the intended wits by being called coxcombs, though they deserved not so scandalous a name. Another, who had a great genius for tragedy, following the fury of his natural temper, made every man and woman too, in his plays, stark raging mad; there was not a sober person to be had for love or money; all was tempestuous and blustering; heaven and earth were coming together at every work; a mere hurricane from the beginning to the end; and every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgment!

"Let every member be made for its own head," says our author, not a withered hand to a young face. So in the persons of a play, whatever is said or done by any of them, must be consistent with the manners which the poet has given them distinctly: and even the habits must be proper to the degrees and humours of the persons as well as in a picture. He who entered in the first act a young man, like Pericles, Prince of Tyre, must not be in danger, in the fifth act, of committing incest with his daughter; nor an usurer, without great probability and causes of repentance, be turned into a cutting Moorcraft.

I am not satisfied that the comparison betwixt the two arts, in the last paragraph, is altogether so just as it might have been; but I am sure of this which follows.

"The principal figure of the subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest, which are only its attendants." Thus in a tragedy, or in an epic poem, the hero of the piece must be advanced foremost to the view of the reader or spectator; he must outshine the rest of all the characters; he must appear the prince of them, like the sun in the Copernican system, encompassed with the less noble planets. Because the hero is the centre of the main action, all the lines from the circumference tend to him alone; he is the chief object of pity in the drama, and of admiration in the epic poem.

As in a picture, besides the principal figures which compose it, and are placed in the midst of it, there are less "groupes or knots of figures disposed at proper distances," which are parts of the piece, and seem to carry on the same design in a more inferior manner; so in epic poetry there are episodes, and a chorus in tragedy, which are members of the action, as growing out of it, not inserted into it. Such in the ninth book of the Æneis, is the episode of Nisus and Euryalus: the adventure belongs to them alone; they alone are the objects of compassion and admiration; but their business which they carry on is the general concernment of the Trojan camp, then beleaguered by Turnus and the Latines, as the Christians were lately by the Turks: they were to advertise the chief hero of the distresses of his subjects, occasioned by his absence. to crave his succour, and solicit him to hasten his return.

The Grecian tragedy was at first nothing but a chorus of singers; afterwards one actor was introduced, which was the poet himself, who entertained the people with a discourse in verse, betwixt the pauses of the singing. This succeeding with the people, more actors were added to make the variety the greater: and in progress of time the chorus only sung betwixt the acts, and the Coryphæus, or chief of them, spoke for the rest, as an actor concerned in the business of the play.

Thus tragedy was perfected by degrees; and being arrived at that perfection, the painters might probably take the hint from thence, of adding groups to their pictures: but as a good picture may be without a group, so a good tragedy may subsist without a chorus, notwithstanding any reasons which have been given by Dacier to the

contrary.

Monsieur Racine has indeed used it in his Esther, but not that he found any necessity of it, as the French critic would insinuate. The chorus at St. Cyr was only to give the young ladies an occasion of entertaining the king with vocal music, and of commending their own voices. The play itself was never intended for the public stage; nor, without any disparagement to the learned author, could possibly have succeeded there, and much less in the translation of it here. Mr. Wycherley, whenwe read it together, was of my opinion in this, or rather I of his; for it becomes me so to speak of so excellent a poet, and so great a judge. But since I am in this place, as Virgil says, "Spatiis exclusus iniquis," that is, shortened in my time, I will give no other reason than that it is impracticable on our stage. A new theatre, much more ample, and much deeper, must be made for that purpose, besides the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits, which is an expense too large to be supplied by a company of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry to see a chorus on a theatre, more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a king's charges:

and on that condition and another, which is, that, were my hands not bound behind me, as now they are, I should not despair of making such a tragedy as might be both instructive and delightful, according to the manner of the Grecians.

"To make a sketch, or a more perfect model of a picture," is, in the language of poets, to draw up the scenery of a play; and the reason is the same for both: to guide the undertaking, and to preserve the resemblance of such things whose natures are difficult to retain.

To avoid absurdities and incongruities is the same law established for both arts. "The painter is not to paint a cloud at the bottom of a picture, but in the uppermost parts;" nor the poet to place what is proper to the end or middle in the beginning of a poem. I might enlarge on this; but there are few poets or painters who can be supposed to sin so grossly against the laws of Nature and of Art. I remember only one play, and for once I will call it by its name, The Slighted Maid, where there is nothing in the first act but what might have been said or done in the fifth; nor anything in the midst which might not have been placed as well in the beginning or the end.

"To express the passions which are seated on the heart by outward signs," is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform. In poetry the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that art. "This," says my author, "is the gift of Jupiter;" and, to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or

study, if we are not born to it: for the motions which are studied are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will not defend everything in his Venice Preserved; but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though, perhaps, there is somewhat to be desired both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression: but Nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.

"In the passions," says our author, "we must have a very great regard to the quality of the persons who are actually possessed with them." The joy of a monarch for the news of a victory must not be expressed like the eestacy of a harlequin on the receipt of a letter from his mistress :: this is so much the same in both the arts, that it is no longer a comparison. What he says of facepainting, or the portrait of any one particular person, concerning the likeness, is also applicable topoetry: in the character of a hero, as well as in an inferior figure, there is a better or worse likeness to be taken; the better is a panegyric, if it be not false, and the worse is a libel. Sophocles, says Aristotle, always drew men as they ought to be; that is, better than they were. Another, whose name I have forgotten, drew them worse than naturally they were. Euripides altered nothing in the character, but made them such as they were represented by history, epic poetry, or tradition. Of the three, the draught of Sophocles is most commended by Aristotle. I have followed it in that part of Œdipus which I wrote; though, perhaps, I

have male him too good a man. But my characters of Anthony and Cleopatra, though they are favourable to them, have nothing of outrageous panegyric; their passions were their own, and such as were given them by history, only the deformities of them were cast into shadows, that they might be objects of compassion; whereas, if I had chosen a noon-day light for them, somewhat must have been discovered. which would rather have moved our hatred than our

pity.

"The Gothic manner, and the barbarous ornaments which are to be avoided in a picture," are just the same with those of an ill-ordered play. For example; our English tragi-comedy must be confessed to be wholly Gothic, notwithstanding the success which it has found upon our theatre; and in the Pastor Fido of Guarini, even though Corisca and the satvr contribute somewhat to the main action; neither can I defend my Spanish Friar, as fond as otherwise I am of it, from this imputation: for though the comical parts are diverting, and the serious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit.

I had almost forgotten one considerable resemblance. Du Fresnoy tells us, "That the figures of the groups must not be all on a side, that is, with their faces and bodies all turned the same way, but must contrast each other by their several positions." Thus in a play, some characters must be raised to oppose others, and to set them off the better, according to the old maxim, Contraria juxta se posita, magis elucescunt. Thus in The Scornful Lady, the usurer is sent to confront the prodigal: thus in my Tyrunnic Love, the atheist Maximin is opposed to the character of St. Catharine.

I am now come, though with the omission of many likenesses, to the third part of painting, which is called the chromatic or colouring. Expression, and all that belongs to words, is that in a poem which colouring is in a picture. The colours well chosen, in their proper places, together with their lights and shadows which belong to them, lighten the design, and make it pleasing to the eye. The words, the expressions, the tropes and figures, the versification, and all the other elegancies of sound, as cadences, turns of words upon the thought, and many other things, which are all parts of expression, perform exactly the same office both in dramatic and epic poetry. Our author calls colouring lena sororis; the humble agent of her sister, the design or drawing: she clothes, she dresses her up, she paints her, she makes her appear more lovely than naturally she is, and makes lovers for her; for the design of itself is only so many naked lines. Thus in poetry, the expression is that which charms the reader, and beautifies the design, which is only the outlines of the fables. It is true, the design must of itself be good; if it be vicious, or, in one word, unpleasing, the cost of colouring is thrown away upon it. It is an ugly woman in a rich habit, set out with jewels: nothing can become her. But granting the design to be moderately good, it is like an excellent complexion with indifferent features; the white and red well mingled on the face, make what was before but passable, appear beautiful, "Operum colores" is

the very word which Horace uses to signify words and elegant expression, of which he himself was so great a master in his odes. Amongst the ancients, Zeuxis was most famous for his colouring; amongst the moderns, Titian and Correggio. Of the two ancient epic poets, who have so far excelled all the moderns, the invention and design were the particular talents of Homer. Virgil must yield to him in both; for the design of the Latin was borrowed from the Grecian; but the "Dictio Virgiliana," the expression of Virgil, his colouring, was incomparably the better; and in that I have always endeavoured to copy him. Most of the pedants, I know, maintain the contrary, and will have Homer excel even in this part. But of all people, as they are the most ill-mannered, so they are the worst judges, even of words which are their province; they seldom know more than the grammatical construction, unless they are born with a poetical genius, which is a rare portion amongst them: yet some, I know, may stand excepted, and such I honour. Virgil is so exact in every word, that none can be changed but for a worse; nor any one removed from its place, but the harmony will be altered. He pretends sometimes to trip; but it is only to make you think him in danger of a fall. when he is most secure. Like a skilful dancer on the ropes (if you will pardon the meanness of the similitude), who slips willingly and makes a seeming stumble, that you may think him in great hazard of breaking his neck, while at the same time he is only giving you a proof of his dexterity. My late Lord Roscommon was often pleased with this reflection, and with the examples of it in this admirable author.

I have not leisure to run through the whole comparison of lights and shadows with tropes and figures ; yet I cannot but take notice of metaphors, which, like them, have power to lessen or greaten anything. Strong and glowing colours are the just resemblances of bold metaphors, but both must be judiciously applied; for there is a difference betwixt daring and foolhardiness. Lucan and Statius often ventured them too far; our Virgil never. But the great defect of the Pharsalia and the Thebais was in the design; if that had been more perfect, we might have forgiven many of their bold strokes in the colouring, or at least excused them; yet some of them are such as Demosthenes or Cicero could not have defended. Virgil, if he could have seen the first verses of the Sylvæ, would have thought Statius mad in his fustian description of the statue on the brazen horse: but that poet was always in a foam at his setting out, even before the motion of the race had warmed him. The soberness of Virgil, whom he read, it seems, to little purpose, might have shown him the difference betwixt "Arma virumque cano," and "Magnanimum Æacidem, formidatamque Tonanti progeniem." But Virgil knew how to rise by degrees in his expressions; Statius was in his towering heights at the first stretch of his pinions. The description of his running horse, just starting in the funeral games for Archemorus, though the verses are wonderfully fine, are the true image of their author-

Which would cost me an hour, if I had the leisure

[&]quot;Stare adeo nescit, percuat vestigia mille Ante fugam; absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original. Virgil, as he better knew his colours, so he knew better how and where to place them. In as much haste as I am, I cannot forbear giving one example. It is said of him, that he read the second fourth, and sixth books of his *Eneid* to Augustus Cæsar. In the sixth (which we are sure he read, because we know Octavia was present, who rewarded him so bountifully for the twenty verses which were made in honour of her deceased son Marcellus); in this sixth book, I say, the poet, speaking of Misenus, the trumpeter, says—

. . . "Quo non præstantior alter, Ære ciere viros——"

and broke off in the hemistich, or midst of the verse; but in the very reading, seized as it were with a divine fury, he made up the latter part of the hemistich with these following words

. . . "Martemque accendere cantu."

How warm, nay, how glowing a colouring is this! In the beginning of the verse, the word as, or brass, was taken for a trumpet, because the instrument was made of that metal, which of itself was fine; but in the latter end, which was made extempore, you see three metaphors, Martemque—accendere—cantu. Good Heavens! how the plain sense is raised by the beauty of the words! But this was happiness, the former might be only judgment. This was the "Curiosa felicitas," which Petronius attributes to Horace. It is the pencil thrown luckily full upon the horse's mouth, to express the foam, which the painter, with all his skill, could not perform without it. These hits of words a true poet often finds.

as I may say, without seeking; but he knows their value when he finds them, and is infinitely pleased. A bad poet may sometimes light on them, but he discerns not a diamond from a Bristol stone; and would have been of the cock's mind in Æsop, a grain of barley would have pleased him better than the jewel. The lights and shadows which belong to colouring, put me in mind of that verse of Horace—

"Hoc amat obscurum, vult hoc sub luce videri."

Some parts of a poem require to be amply written, and with all the force and elegance of words: others must be cast into shadows; that is, passed over in silence, or but faintly touched. This belongs wholly to the judgment of the poet and the painter. The most beautiful parts of the picture and the poem must be the most finished: the colours and words most chosen; many things in both, which are not deserving of this care, must be shifted off, content with vulgar expressions; and those very short, and left, as in a shadow, to the imagination of the reader.

We have the proverb, "Manum de tabula," from the painters, which signifies to know when to give over, and to lay by the pencil. Both Homer and Virgil practised this precept wonderfully well: but Virgil the better of the two. Homer knew that when Hector was slain, Troy was as good as already taken: therefore he concludes his action there: for what follows in the funerals of Patroclus, and the redemption of Hector's body, is not, properly speaking, a part of the main action. But Virgil concludes with the death of Turnus; for, after that difficulty

was removed, Æneas might marry, and establish the Trojans when he pleased. This rule I had before my eyes in the conclusion of the Spanish Friar, when the discovery was made that the king was living; which was the knot of the play untied: the rest is shut up in the compass of some few lines, because nothing then hindered the happiness of Torismond and Leonora. The faults of that drama are in the kind of it, which is tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people, and I never wrote any-

thing for myself but Anthony and Cleopatra.

The remark, I must acknowledge, is not so proper for the colouring as the design; but it will hold for both. As the words, etc., are evidently shown to be the clothing of the thought, in the same sense as colours are the clothing of the design; so the painter and the poet ought to judge exactly when the colouring and expressions are perfect, and then to think their work is truly finished. Apelles said of Protogenes, that "he knew not when to give over." A work may be over-wrought as well as under-wrought: too much labour often takes away the spirit, by adding to the polishing; so that there remains nothing but a dull correctness, a piece without any considerable faults, but with few beauties: for when the spirits are drawn off, there is nothing but a "Caput mortuum." Statius never thought any expression could be bold enough; and if a bolder could be found, he rejected the first. Virgil had judgment enough to know daring was necessary: but he knew the difference betwixt a glowing colour and a glaring; as when he compared the shocking of the fleets at Actium to the justling of islands rent from their foundations and meeting

in the ocean. He knew the comparison was forced beyond Nature, and raised too high; he therefore softens the metaphor with a *credas*. You would almost believe that mountains or islands rushed against each other—

. "Credas innare revulsas Cycladas; aut montes concurrere montibus æquos."

But here I must break off without finishing the discourse.

"Cynthius aurem vellit, et admonuit, etc."-the things which are behind are of too nice a consideration for an essay begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perhaps the judges of painting and poetry, when I tell them how short a time it cost me, may make me the same answer which my late Lord Rochester made to one who, to commend a tragedy, said it was written in three weeks: "How the devil could he be so long about it? for that poem was infamously bad:" and I doubt this Parallel is little better; and then the shortness of the time is so far from being a commendation, that it is scarcely an excuse. But if I have really drawn a portrait. to the knees, or an half-length, with a tolerable likeness, then I may plead with some justice for myself, that the rest is left to the imagination. Let some better artist provide himself of a deeper canvass; and taking these hints which I have given, set the figure on its legs, and finish it in the invention, design, and colouring.





THE ESSAY ON SATIRE.

P. I. This essay, published in 1692, is addressed to the Earl of Dorset, to whom Dryden also dedicated his translation of the 'Satires' of Juvenal, which evidently led to its composi-tion. He had previously dedicated his 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' to the same nobleman, whom, indeed, he makes one of the interlocutors in it, under the name of Eugeneus. The fulsome adulation with which, in both (ssays, he extols the Earl's literary abilities and performances, display a meanness of spirit which the warmest admirers of the poet cannot contemplate without shame; even though it may in some degree be palliated, if it be regarded as the effusion of gratitude, since to quote the language of Macaulay's ('Hist. of Eng.' c. viii.), "Dryden owned that he had been saved from ruin by Dorset's princely generosity."* The extravagance of his flattery, which puts him " in satire, and Shakespeare in tragedy," as it were on a level, as establishing the claim of our countrymen to a superiority over the best authors of antiquity, and which calls his lyric poems "the delight and wonder of this ago, as they will be the envy of the next," deservedly provokes the sucering comment of Johnson: "Would it be imagined that, of this rival to antiquity, all the satires were little personal invectives, and that his long st composition was a song of eleven stanzas?" ('Life of Dorset.') Yet, Lord Dorset's real merits are such that no man of his age could have better dispensed with such overstrained panegyric. Macaulay describes him as a man qualified by natural endowments to "have risen to the highest posts in the state, had he been driven by necessity to exert himself," or to have been "the rival of those men of letters of whom he was content to be the benefactor," while "of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, he was allowed to be the best judge that the court could show-on questions of polite learning his decisions were regarded at all the coffee-houses as without appeal. The delicacy of his taste in French composition was extolled by St. Evremond and La Fontaine." He died in 1705, and some years afterwards Pope wrote an epitaph, to be placed over his tomb at Withyam, in Sussex, which, without forgetting to pay at least their due honour to his abilities and

Dorset was Lord Chamberlain, and when in consequence of his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, Dryden was deprived of his office of Poet Laureate, Dorset is said to have settled on him an annuity of equal value.

liberal patronage of genius, selects, as his crowning quality, his power of inspiring general regard and esteem—

"Blest courtier who could king and country please, Yet sacred keep his friendships and his eass."

Ib. Titus Vespasian. Tacitus, too discerning and too honest a writer to be suspected of flattery, gives Titus the praise of qualities moral and intellectual, suited for any future, however brilliant, with a dignified beauty and grace of person and demeanour. Hist. ii. 1.

P. 2. Descartes, a great French mathematician and philosopher, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century. After serving for some years in the army of Maurice, Prince of Orange, he settled at Amsterdam, where he was persecuted for his metaphysical opinions, was accused of atheism, and ran

some danger of being burnt alive.

P. 3. Shakespeare had rather written happily than knowingly and justly. This remark is a repetition of what Dryden had said in that admirable character which he had drawn of Shakespeare in his 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy.' "All the images of Nature were present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily;" and he quotes a saying of the very learned John Hales, a Fellow of Eton, "That there was no subject of which any poet ever wrote, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare."

P. 3. Jonson, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules. Disracli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' quotes Fuller's 'Worthies of England,' where the writer says of Jonson: "He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of

comedians."

P. 4. Longo proximi intervallo, a quotation from the footrace in Æneid V., translated by Dryden—

"The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoined."

P. 5. The best good man, etc. This is a quotation from one of Lord Rochester's poems, where Dorset is extolled as a satirist—

"For pointed satire, I would Buckhurst choose, The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse."

Ib. Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric. Jonson was certainly a man of arrogant, conceited temper, and was generally accused of being envious of all his contemporaries. But his verses to Shakespeare's memory seem hardly to deserve Dryden's consure. He addresses Shakespeare in these words—

"While I confess thy writings to be such As neither man nor Muse can praise too much."

He says indeed, that Shakespeare "had small Latin and less Greek," which is certainly true, but, in spite of this want of classical scholarship, he says he must "call forth thundering Æschylus"—

"Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage, or when thy socks were on
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

(The buskin, the cothurnus of the Roman stage, was the tragic shoe. The soccus, a low-heeled slipper, here translated sock, was worn by the comic actor who was not required to

look tall and dignified.)

P. 5. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's in the reign of James I., the earliest of those whom Johnson, in his 'Life of Cowley,' calls the metaphysical poets—a school whose poetry was a collection of loreed conceits—many of his poems were satires, for which class of composition he is said to have been the first to adopt the rhyming couplet, which, however, in his hands, was sadly destitute of the harmonious rhythm that Dryden and Pope subsequently gave it.

Pope subsequently gave it.
P. 6. Cowley: Throws his Mistress infinitely below his

Pindariques.

Pope, perhaps, may be thought to imply a different opinion when he says of this poet—

"Forget his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
Yet still I love the language of his heart."

Im. of Horace, i. 78.

His Pindaries were a translation of Pindar's Odes into what he intended to be exactly the same metre as that of the originals.

P. 7. Fame, as Virgil tells us, etc. Dryden is here referring to a passage in the fourth 'Æneid,' in which, however, Virgil speaks of "Fame" as being far from a real good: what he is describing, moreover, is not "Fame" but "Rumour."

"Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes,— Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum; Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

Æn. iv. 173.

Which Dryden himself translates treating "report" and "fame" as synonymous—

"The loud report through Libyan cities goes,
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows;
Swift from the first, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings."

1b. Epicurus, a contemporary of Aristotle, taught that happiness was the sole object to be sought for; and for gods and men alike placed that happiness in ἀταραξία, freedom from

disturbance; and anovia, freedom from labour.

P. S. To have repelled force by force. Dryden did, indeed, go rather further, for he repelled weakness by force; and in his MacFlecknoc attacked those who had certainly no strength to injure him: whose worst malice could but annoy. And Scott says of one of the chief objects of his attack, Settle, that "he had now found his level, and Dryden no longer regarded him with rage and apprehension, but with more appropriate feelings of utter contempt." Life, Sect. v.

Ib. They...shot at rovers. This was an exercise of the

Ib. They...shot at rovers. This was an exercise of the archers in the Middle Ages; the greatest trial of skill was the "shooting at butts;" which of course required accuracy of aim; shooting at rovers was a trial of strength; the prize being wom

by him whose arrow was sent the greatest distance.

Ib. The Rehearsal. This was a play written to decry the fashion of rhyming plays, which had been introduced in the reign of Charles II. chiefly by Dryden himself, in imitation of the French drama. Scott (Section iii.) expresses an opinion that Dryden's talents were "happily adapted to that style of composition. His versification flowed so easily, as to lessen the bad effects of rhyme in dialogue." In his 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' Dryden, under the name of Neander, contends that "rhyme is proper for the stage," while Crites (Sir R. Howard) argues that it is "unnatural in a play, because dialogue is represented there as the effect of sudden thought;" quoting also the maxim of Aristotle that "'Tis best to write tragedy in that kind of verse which is nearest prose." The character of Bayes in the 'Rehearsal,' was meant for Dryden himself, not for the author (indeed the 'Rehearsal' was not written by one person, but was the work of several hands); and Scott tells us. "that the public might be at no loss to assign the character of Bayes to the Laureat, his peculiarities of language were strictly copied. Lacy, the actor, was instructed by Buckingham himself, how to mimic his voice and manner, and in performing the part he wore a dress exactly resembling Dryden's usual habit." Dryden's denial that Bayes was meant for him may perhaps be regarded as an attempt to conceal the annoyance the farce had caused him.

P. 9. Persius was the elder of the two satirists, the translation of whose works by Dryden was the cause of his writing this essay as a sort of preface to them. He was born in the reign of Tiberius, and died at the early age of twenty-eight.

P. 10. The sceptres on the guineas. Originally the "reverse" on the guineas represented two sceptres crossed saltierwise; till that emblem was exchanged for the arms of the kingdom on the accession of George III.

P. 11. Holbein, a native of Basle, who settled for some years in England, in the reign of Henry VIII., and painted that sovereign, with many of his coartiers. Vandyck, a native of Antwerp, who settled in England in the reign of Charles I., and by his portraits of that sovereign, his queen, and many of his nobles, established a fame as a portrait-painter second only, if second, to that of Titian.

Ib. Horace. In this essay Dryden most commonly speaks (as was natural) of Horace only as a satirist, and in his rendering of Persius's first 'Satire' he translates the description of him

with great felicity-

"Unlike (to Lucilius) in method, with concealed design Did crafty Horace his low numbers join; And, with a sly insituating grace, Laughed at his friend, and looked him in the face; Would raise a blush where secret vice he found, And tickle while he gently probed the wound; With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled, But made the desperate passes when he smiled."

Still, just as this portrait is, and valuable as are the pictures of Roman life under Augustus, which are presented in his Satires, Horace's fame as a poet depends more on his Odes, in which in one respect he surpassed all his Greek predecessors. Each of the Greeks shone chiefly in one class of subject. Sappho, as he himself tell us, in love; Alcœus, in descriptions of feats of arms. Horace excelled equally in praises of love, of wine and conviviality, and of heroes and great deeds; with which he at times mingled a graver philosophy, on the uncertainty of human affairs, on the shortness of life, etc., etc. See the 'Essay on Translation,' and the note p. 125.

Ib. Virgil. His works, far from amounting to "eighteen thousand," do not exceed 13,000 lines. Martial's epigram

was-

"Sic Maro nec Calabri tentavit carmina Flacci,
Pindaricos posset cum superare modos;
Et Vario cessit Romani laude cothurni,
Cum posset tragico fortius ore loqui."
viii. 18.

"So, though he might have matched great Pindar's lyre,
The modest Virgil left those chords untried;
Nor sought to rival Varius' tragic fire,
Though fit his grandest tones to have outvied."

Martial was a native of Spain, who lived at Rome under Domitian. But his epigram is a most foolish culocy, since it is, on the face of it, absurd to affirm that an author would have succeeded in a class of composition which he never tried And, in fact, very few poets or authors of any kind have succeeded in more than one style. And any application of the oulogy to Dorset is still more absurd, as may be seen from the remark of Johnson, quoted in the first note. Justice to our own language demands a strenuous denial of the assertion that it "yields to the Roman majesty," though this seems to be an opinion which our author held steadily, since in his dedication of the 'Æneid,' which is one of his most carefully laboured essays, he speaks of himself as "writing in a language so much inferior to the Latin." Mr. H. N. Coleridge, in his incomparable introduction to Homer, does indeed give Latin the praise of majesty,* but attributes that quality to its " bareness," which is such that Cicero often "found it wanting." And we may be sure that such a master of nearly all the European languages as he was, would have coincided in his contemporary Macaulay's eloquent praise of his own, as "less musical indeed than the languages of the South, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone."† It is remarkable, however, that Horace, who twice speaks of Varius as an epic poet, "Mæonii carminis ales," a bird of Homeric wing (a passage, like another in the 'Satires,' evidently written before the publication of the 'Æneid'), does not mention his tragedies.

P. 12. Euripides, etc. It is remarkable that Dryden here. and in one or two other passages of his works, puts Euripides in the front of the Greek tragedians, though not only later in point of time, but immeasurably inferior in tragic genius to Eschylus (whom he scarcely ever mentions) and to Sophocles. To Æschylus are attributed the inventions of the maskt worn by the actors; of the cothurnus; and of a second actor; to

which Sophocles added a third.

1b. Aristophanes is the only writer of the old comedy whose works have come down to us: as he was also by far the

Ib. The Age of Augustus. Dryden translated the whole of Virgil's works; only one or two short odes or portions of odes of Horace, but several of the works of Ovid, whom he regarded with especial favour, remarking in his preface to the translation of several of his epistles that "if the imitation of Nature be the business of a poet, I know no author who can be compared with him, especially in the description of the passions." He was the author of more than one tragedy, but none of them have come down to us, nor have any of the works of Varius. The celebrated Roman critic, Quintilian, says of Varius that his "Thyestes was deserving to be compared to

[.] Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, p. 25.

^{† &#}x27;Hist. of England,' i. 17.

Z See Schlegel's 'Dramatic Literature,' lecture iv.

any one of the Greek tragedies." (It is, perhaps, fortunate for our opinion of his judgment that we have no opportunity of instituting such a comparison.) And adds-"The 'Medea' of Ovid appears to me to prove what a pitch of excellence that poet might have reached had he not preferred restraining his fancy to giving it the reins." In the phrase "many others," Dryden alludes to Tibullus and Propertius, both of whom Ovid mentions as his predecessors in elegiac poetry. It may be remarked that Ovid is the only great classical poet who ever applied himself to more than one kind of poetry. The majority of his works are in elegiac metre; his 'Metamorphoses' in hexameters; and, as we see, he also wrote tragedies. Virgil composed nothing except in the heroic or hexameter metre. Horace nothing but odes; for he expressly declares that his 'Satires' are not to be considered as poetry at all, and the only Roman poet besides Ovid who, on any occasion, varied his style, was Catullus in one single instance, adding the epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis to his small volume of lyric odes.

Virgil, as is known to all Italian scholars, was the guide of Dante in the shades below, as the Sibyl was of Æneas in the * Æneid; and it may not be out of place to point out that Disraeli's comment on his employment in that office is that "although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's 'Virgil' speaks and acts as the Latin poet could never have done." Cur. of Lit. vol. i.

Ib. Lucretius, who died by his own hand fifty-five years before the Christian era, wrote a philosophical poem on the nature of things, the doctrine which he laid down being chiefly based on the system of Epicurus.

Ib. Catullus, a contemporary of Lucretius, the author of a small

book of lyrics of high beauty, but of a licentious tone.

Ib. Cicero and Casar are too well known to require any account to be given of them here. Sallust, their contemporary, and one held in high favour by Cæsar, is the earliest of the Roman historians whose works have come down to us; they are a history of the war against Jugurtha, and of Catiline's conspiracy, both, and especially the latter, admirable for a compressed vigour of style, in which Tacitus himself hardly surpasses

1b. The age of Lorenzo de Medici and his son Leo X. This age includes the last quarter of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century, Lorenzo having been born in 1448, and Leo dving in 1521. And it was, as Dryden asserts, famous for its brilliancy in every kind of accomplishment. In it lived the greatest of the Italian prose-writers, Machia-velli; and Ariosto, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most popular, of the Italian poets; while in art of every kind it produced masters who have ever since been unsurpassed, if it might not be said unequalled. It was in this age that Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Titian, and Cellini flourished, and besides their more professional occupations, as they may be called, of architecture, painting, and sculpture, they all displayed a singular versatility of genius and knowledge. Bramante was also a poet. Leonardo was an accomplished prose-writer. Cellini was so skilful as an engineer and artillerist that Pope Clement entrusted him with the defence of Rome when it was besieged by the Cardinal Bourbon.

P. 13. Boileau, a very fashi nable French satirist in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. Hallam ('Hist. of Lit.' c. v. p. 4) remarks that, "by writing satires, epistles, and an art of poetry, he has challenged an obvious comparison with Horace, yet they are very unlike." The same critic compares him to Pope, saying, that his 'Art of Poetry' was the model of Pope's 'Essay on Criticism,' and that few poems more resemble each other. Pope himself in that essay compared him to Horace—

"Thence (from Latium) Arts o'er all the northern world advance, But critic learning flourished most in France; The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys.

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys, And Boileau still in right of Horace sways."

Essay on Criticism, 714.

Ib. Statius, a Latin poet at the close of the first century of our era. His poem was entitled the 'Thebais, on the subject of the war against Thebes; but it, as well as the 'Pharsalia' of Lucan, to which also Dryden alludes in this sentence, is a poem of

very inferior merit.

P. 14. Ariosto was born at Reggio, in Lombardy, in 1474. His great poem, the 'Orlando Furio-o,' is a sequel to the 'Orlando Innamorato' of his countryman Boiardo, who died when Ariosto was twenty years of age. There is nothing that I know of so singular in all Dryden's works as the disparagement of this great poet contained in this passage. The best antidote to it will be a quotation from a still greater poet than himself, Walter Scott, who, in his 'Essay on Romance,' tells us that "the tales of Charlemagne and his Paladins did not attract the attention of the classical Italians until Boiardo, Berni, Pulci, and, above all, the divine Ariosto, condescended to use them as the basis of their well-known romantic poems. And thus the fictitious marratives, originally composed in metre, and afterwards rewritten in prose, were anew decorated with the honours of verse. The romantic poets of Italy did not even disdain to imitate the rambling, diffuse, and episodical style proper to the old romance, and Ariosto in particular, although he torments the reader's attention by digressing from one adventure to

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another, delights us upon frequent perusals by the extreme ingenuity with which he gathers up the broken threads of his narrative, and finally weaves them handsomely together in the same piece." Byron's admiration for him was at least equal to that of Scott. He couples him with Dante, as-

> "The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose The Tuscan father's comedy divine; Then, not unequal to the Florentine, The southern Scott, the minstrel who called forth A new creation with his magic line, And, like the Ariosto of the North, Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth."

Childe Harold, iv. 40:

Ib. Tasso was the ornament of the next generation, being born about ten years after Ar.osto's death. It is a singular remark that "his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's," since his subject. *The deliverance of Jerusalem from the Dominion of the Saracens' has been generally considered among the noblest, if not the most magnificent of all subjects for a great epic poem. Hallam. *Mod. Lit.' c. v. p. 2, quotes Voltaire for the remark that "in the choice of his subject, Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade." And he has never been denied the praise of having treated it worthily while his "Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, Armida" to which Dryden might have added Clorinda) seem to most readers far from being "beneath the dignity of heroic verse." Indeed the delicacy with which each of these portraits, greatly diversified as they are, is drawn, evinces a pervading sense of the combined tenderness and dignity of the female character, which, while it is indispensable to those who claim to be ranked in the highest class of poets, is displayed by few, ancient or modern. Pope, who, in his 'Discourse on Pastoral Poetry,' refers to Dryden's eulogy of Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' does not hesitate to rank Tasso's 'Armida' at least on a level with it, pronouncing that "in it he has far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his 'Gerusalemme' he has outdone the epic poets of his country."

Ib. Flecnoe. "Richard Flecknoe was so distinguished as a wretched poet that his name had become almost proverbial."

Scott's Life of Dryden, Sect. v.

P. 15. St. Lewis, Pucelle, or Alarique. Epic poems by De Moyne, Chapelain, and Scuderi, of which little but the names are now known.

1b. There is no uniformity in the design of Spenser. This is. to a certain extent, a repetition of the charge brought before against Ariosto, whom Spenser avowedly imitated, though the allegorical form of the 'Faerie Queene' has no prototype in the 'Orlando.' Scott has pointed out that Dryden is "certainly inaccurate" in his assertion that Prince Arthur was meant for Sir Philip Sidney. For "Sir Philip was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in October, 1586, and the 'Faerie Queen' was then only commenced:" and, he adds, "Upton more justly considers Leicester, a worthless character, but the favourite of Gloriana, (Queen Elizabeth), as depicted under that character." In complaining of his obsolete language, Dryden is but copying Ben Jonson, who complained that he had affected the ancients till he had come to write what was "no language at all."

P. 16. So numerous. That is, harmonious: a translation of the Latin "numerosus." Waller was almost as notorious for the baseness of his character as for the beauty of his lyric poetry. Pope compares, and in some degree contrasts, him with Dryden,

saying-

"Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine."

Im. of Horace, Ep. i. 267.

He was a cousin of Cromwell.

Ib. Milton: His subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so called. The fitness of the subject has often been discussed since Dryden's time. Johnson and Hallam have agreed in upholding it, asserting that the subject is the finest that has ever been chosen. "It is not the destruction of a city" (such as that of the 'Iliad'), nor "the conduct of a colony, nor the foundation of an empire" (like that of the 'Æneid'), "the subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and earth." But it is possible that a subject may be too great; and the praises which they afterwards bestow on Milton for the skill with which he has extricated himself from its difficulties. seems to show that in reality the choice was not so judicious as they assert. Dryden praises him here for the happiness with which he has translated "the Latin elegancies of Virgil." In some instances, however, his imitation of Virgil has led him into preposterous absurdities, as, for instance, when, because Æneas had seen the heroes in the Elysian fields disporting themselves with chariots and horses, and taking the same delight in them which they had felt when alive on earth, he represents the devils on the breaking-up of their council in the second book-

"In swift race contend
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields," etc.

which certainly had formed no part of their delights in heaven before they were cast down from it.

P. 17. Rhyme was not his talent. Byron in one of his letters.

however, seems to differ from this opinion, saying "Blank verse, except Milton, no one ever wrote who could rhyme."

Ib. Bias, a term used in the game of bowls.

Ib. Sir William Davenant was born in the year 1605. He succeeded Ben Jonson as Poet Laurente, and was for a time manager of a theatre. He was the author of a long heroic poem called 'Gondibert,' and of several plays. Dryden, in the preface to his adaptation of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' to the stage, gives Davenant the credit of having been the first person "who taught him to admire Shakespeare."

P. 19. Two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and the Roman. Monarchies is a singular term to apply to either. Not one of the chief writers of Greece belonged to Sparta, the only city of Greece where kings reigned, at least after the heroic ages. And in the time of its greatest glory Rome was a republic.

P. 20. Confined, like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris. In the 'Iliad' Iris is always the messenger of Jupiter, except in the last book, where Mercury is employed by him to conduct Priam in safety to the Greek camp. With that exception it is only in the 'Odyssey' that Mercury has this employment. In the *Æneid' Jupiter sends Mercury once on a message to Dido. And both Jupiter and Juno employ Iris in that manner. See

Æn. ix. 5, 803.

P. 22. One chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel. Dryden is understood to be referring to the tenth chapter, where the prophet represents himself as seeing "a certain man clothed in white linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold;" but the "accommodation" of this description to "the principles of Platonic Philosophy," so as to make "the ministry of angels a strong engine for the working up heroic poetry," would be a very singular performance, and one which it would tax any ordinary ingenuity to keep clear of profaneness.

1b. St. Michael. Dryden refers to the passage in which the archangel is called "the great prince which standeth up for the

children of Daniel's people." Daniel, xi. 1.

P. 25. God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the Angels. Dryden is here referring to the Book of

Job,' c. i. 6.

Ib. Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel. Milton identifies Uriel with the "angel" whom St. John "saw standing in the sun." Rev. xix. 17. And then proceeds to describe Satan's transformation of himself to delude him,

> " And now a stripling cherub he appears, Not of the prime, yet such as in his face Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb Suitable grace diffus'd."

> > Paradise Lost, iii. 639.

P. 26. Whether I should choose that of King Arthur. In other words: Whether he should choose a legendary subject, or one founded on real history. The restoration of Peter the Cruel to the throne of Spain being the result of the battle of Najara gained by the Black Prince, in 1367, over Henry of Trastamara, though aided by the great French warrior, Bertrand du Gueselin.

P. 27. Since this Revolution, etc. Dryslen, who had become a Roman Catholic after the Revolution, was, by his change of reigion, disabled from holding any appointment under the Crown, and consequently was deprived of his office of Poet Lapreate; but, as has been mentioned in the Introduction, Lord Dorset

settled on him an annuity of equal value.

Ib. Cardinal Richelieu, the great minister of Louis XIII. He was a great and judicious patron of literature. He founded the Freuch Academy, and is understood to have written a play himself. All French plays before the time of Molière were written in verse.

P. 28. Ne forte pudori, etc. That you may not be ashamed of being inspired as a poet by the Muse and Apollo. Her. A. P. 407.

Ib. Petronius, surpamed Arbiter, was a native of Marseilles, and a favourite of Nero, with whom he eventually fell into disgrace. He wrote a sort of comic romance called 'Satyricon,' to indicate the false taste prevailing in his time (that of Nero) in literature and art. His praise of Horace's "curious felicity of expression" may have suggested Gibbon's praise of Hume's "careless inimitable beauties."

P. 29. Ut sibi quivis, etc. That any one may hope to accomplish the same thing; but he would only find his labour

vain.

P. 30. Juvenal and Persius. Persius has already been mentioned in the note on p. 9. Juvenal was a far more voluminous writer; living as he did to an advanced age, for he was born in the reign of Claudius, and survived Domitian. He shares with Horace the reputation of being the greatest of Roman satirists; but their style was very different. We have seen the character Persius gave of Horace's style; that of Juvenal was fiercer. His own description of it was "Facit indignatio versum" (Indignation dictates the verses). And under the influence of this feeling he lashed the vices of his day with a fierce severity, wholly different from the "sly insinuating grace" of Horace.

Ib. My fellow-labourers. Dryden's share in the translation of Juvenal was confined to the first, the third, the sixth, the tenth, and the sixteenth book, the remainder were executed by Creecis. Tate, and the celebrated Congreve. The whole of Persius was his own. Half a century afterwards Johnson published imitations of the third book, under the title of 'London;' and of the tenth book, under the title of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.'

which have superseded all more literal translations.

P. 31. Aristotle, the founder of the Peripatetic school of philosophy, was also a great critic. He was born at Stagira, in

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Macedonia, 384 B.C., and before he arrived at the age of manhood he removed to Athens, where he became a pupil of Plato. His reputation for learning of all kinds was so high that Philip of Macedonia entrusted to him the education of his son Alexander. His chief critical works were one on rhetoric, and another on poetry. It is to the latter that Dryden alludes here, Dryden controverts his opinion of the superiority of tragedy to every other kind of poetry; claiming that praise for heroic, that is, epic poetry. In this the majority of the modern critics will probably agree with him, though in some instances it is possible that the judgment of the critic may be biassed by his opinion of which class of work his countrymen have most excelled in. A Frenchman may, perhaps, place tragedy higher than opic poetry, because the 'Cid' or 'Athalie' is far superior to the 'Henriade.' An Italian might, on similar grounds, form an opposite conclusion, because Tasso is superior to Alfieri. Englishmen might be divided according as they placed Shakespeare or Milton highest. It is clear, however, that this was not the principle which guided Aristotle, for he certainly placed Homer even above Æschylus.

P. 32. Vida was a native of the north of Italy, who wrote some Latin poems which procured him the favour and patronage

of Leo X.

Ib. Bossu was a French critic of the seventeenth century, who

among other works wrote a treatise on epic poetry.

Ib. Casaubon, was a Genevese scholar of high reputation, who settled at Paris in the reign of Henry IV., where he was appointed to a processorship, and edited several volumes of classics.

Ib. Heinsius was a professor at Leyden. Dacier, a French critic, a contemporary of Dryden; and husband of the more celebrated Malame Dacier, who edited and translated the works of several of the best Greek authors; translating her own name also, Mile. Leievre, (rather freely), and writing as Anna Fabri.

Ib. The Dauphin's Juvenal. In the reign of Louis XIV., an entire series of the Latin classics was published for the use of the Dauphin, by M. Huet, Bishop of Avrantes, and preceptor to the young prince. On the title-pages these were said to be edited in usum Delphini: from which they are generally known in England as the Delphin editions.

P. 33. Scaliger, Julius Cæsar, one of the earliest of modern scholars and critics. He was born in 1484, and among other works wrote a treatise on poetry. His son Joseph Justus was

still more eminent as a critic.

Ib. Whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, etc. Quintilian most positively and entirely claims the invention of the satire for the Romans, saying, Satira tota nostra est (satire is wholly our own); an assertion which

Dryden quotes in a subsequent passage. Satire among the Greeks took the form of comedy, though it ceased to have that character after the time of Aristophanes. Yet Horace's description of Archilochus—

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo;"
A. P. 79.

clearly represents him as a satirist; and he lived two hundred

years before Aristophanes.

The derivation of the name from satura lanz, a dish containing a mixture of every kind of food is the one generally adopted, and corresponds to Juvenal's description of his satires—

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, volup!as, Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

Translated by Dryden-

"Whatever since the golden age was done, What human kind desires, and what they shun: Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will, Shall this satirical collection fill."

See infra, p. 48.

P. 34. Milton introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. Dryden is referring to—

"Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored,
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven," etc.

Par. L. iv, 720.

P. 35. The ancient Romans, Horace tells us, etc. He is referring

"Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant."

Ep. II. i. 143.

Ib. Those Grecian demi-gods. The demi-gods of Greece, were those heroes of old who had one divine parent, such as Hercules, Castor and Pollux, and others. In Homer, they are those who are called $\hat{\eta}p\hat{\omega}\epsilon_5$, a term not used for the very bravest of mere mortals; and so Horace uses the term, marking it as implying a being between man and God.

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio,
Quem Deum?"

Od. i. 12.

the difference between man, hero, and God, being here clearly marked.

P. 39. Thespis. I do not know where Dryden learnt that

authors differ as to his claim to have been the inventor of tragedy. Horace speaks of it as universally admitted—

"Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis, Quæ canerent agerentque peruneti fæcibus ora." A. P. 275.

Translated by Goldsmith-

"Thespis, inventor of dramatic art,
Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sang, with lees of wine besmear'd."

Essay on the Origin of Poetry.

Ib. The satirique tragedy was the last. "The antiquarian account of the dramatic trilogies is this: that in the more early times the poet did not contend for the prize with a single piece. but with three, which, however, were not always connected together in their subjects; and that to these was added a fourth, namely a satyric drama. All were acted in one day; one after another." Schlegel, 'Dramatic Literature,' c. vi., and in a subsequent chapter, speaking of the 'Cyclops' of Euripides, the only specimen of the satyric drama which has come down to us, be explains its cause and character thus: "The want of some relaxation for the mind after the engrossing severity of tragedy, appears to have given rise to the satyric drama, as, indeed, to the after piece in general. The satyric drama never possessed an independent existence, it was thrown in by way of appendage to several tragedies, and was always considerably shorter than the others. In external form it resembled tragedy, and the materials were, in like manner mythological. distinction made was a chorus consisting of satyrs, who accompanied, with lively songs, gestures and movements, such heroic adventures as were of a more cheerful hue (many in the 'Odyssey' for instance), or at least such as could be made to bear such an appearance." Dram. Lit., c. 10, q. v.

P. 41. Ennius, etc. Ennius was the eldest of the Roman poets; flourishing about the time of the second Punic war. His chief work was an epic poem, but he also wrote tragedies. Pacuvius, who lived half a century later, was a tragic poet. Lucilius, a few years later, was the earliest Roman satirist. Horace mentions them all, extelling the dignity of Ennius, the learning of Pacuvius, and the wit of Lucilius, while blaming him for

carelessness in style and rhythm.

Ib. The famous Cento of Ausonius. Ausonius, who was born at Bordeaux at the beginning of the fourth century of our era, was the author of several works. That alluded to here by Dryden was one known as the 'Idyllia,' a collection of twenty poems on various subjects.

Ib. Timon's Silli. Disraeli, speaking of parodies, and especially of parodies of Homer's works, says, "Of these parodists of Homer we may regret the loss of one, Timon of Philius, whose parodies were termed 'Silli,' from Silenus being their chief personage. He levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age. His invocation is grafted on the opening of the 'Iliad' etc., etc. ('Cur. of Lit.' ii. 455). He lived in the third century before our era, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and as a philosopher, belonged to the sect of the Sceptics. Besides these 'Silli,' he was the author of a great number of other works; not fewer than thirty comedies, and sixty tragedies.

P. 42. The iambiques of Archilochus against Lycambes. Archilochus, according to Horace ('Epol.' vi. 13), was son-in-law of Lycambes, by whom he considered himself to have been ill-used.

He lived in the seventh century B.C.

Ib. The invective of Ovid against Ibis. In the 'Ibis,' Ovid inveighs against some enemy who had traduced him, and whom some take to have been Hyginus, the mythologist. Both the

title and the plan were borrowed from Callimachus.

P. 45. Saturnian and Fescennine. The Fescennina carmina were one of the earliest kinds of Roman poetry, consisting at first of dialogues of a satirical character in extempore verse, as Horace intimates by his description of them as "Versibus alternis opprobria rustica" ('Epist.' II. i. 145), rude railing in alternate verses, i.e. in attack and reply. Fescennina was a Faliscan town. The term Saturnian, had reference to the metre: it was first used by Nævius, an old poet before the time of Ennius. The measure of it will, says Bentley, be best seen by a specimen. "Dabunt malum metelli (Nævio poetæ. Fundit, fugat, prosternit) maximas legiones. Terentianus Maurus points out that it was borrowed from the Greeks, and another critic (Fortunatianus) calls it Archilochian; Hephæstion says that it was invented by Archilochus." (See Bentley's 'Diss. on the Epistles of Phalaris.')

Ib. The Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Disraeli, in a very entertaining article on "The Pantonimical Characters" ('Cur. of Lit.' i. p. 116), connecting the modern pantonime with the mimi of the Romans, says of Harlequin, Arlecchino, "The parti-coloured hero, with every particle of his dress, has been drawn out of the great wardrobe of antiquity, he was a Roman mime." And he quotes Diomedes for the statement that "the mimi blackened their faces," just as with us to this day the harlequin wears a black mask. The character of Scaramucha, our Scaramouch, he tells us was invented by Tiberio Fiorillo, the amusing companion of the boyhood of

Louis XIV, of whom an epigram affirms that-

"Il fut le maître de Molière, Et la nature fut le sien."

(He was our Molicre's master; Nature his.) Scaramouch was "a character usually represented in a fright."

P. 47. Livius Andronicus was, in his later years, a contemporary of Ennius, and, as Dryden says, the earliest of the Roman dramatists.

P. 49. Valerius Maximus was a Roman writer in the reign of Tiberius; his chief work was a collection of historical anec-

dotes in nine books.

P. 50. Margites. Though Dryden speaks of this as Homer's, it is undoubtedly a work of a far later age. It is a satire on some stupid pretender to various branches of knowledge; only four lines of it have come down to us, one of which is a perfect picture of our proverbial Jack of all trades.

πόλλ' ἡπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἡπίστατο πάντα.

(He knew many things, and all badly.)

In Dryden's time no one had questioned the authenticity of all the works attributed to Homer. In the present day some are found to deny the authenticity of the 'Iliad' itself. As Byron says—

"I've stood upon Achilles' tomb, And heard Troy doubted, time will doubt of Rome."

But, like a true poet, he rejects such scepticism-

"Minstrel with thee to gaze, to mourn,
Believing that each hillock green,
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own broad Hellespont still dashes
Be long my lot; and cold were he,
Who thus could gaze denying thee."

Bride of Abydos, ii. 3.

P. 51. The Pythagorean opinion. Pythagoras, the great Samian philosopher, who lived in the sixth century before our era, invented or brought from Egypt the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls; of which he affirmed that he himself was a proof; since he himself, as he perfectly remembered, under the name of Euphorbus, had served in the Trojan war against the Greeks, and had been killed by Menelaus; and he had recently recognised, in Juno's temple at Argos, the shield which he had borne at Troy, and which was now preserved as a Grecian trophy. See Ov. Met. xv. 163.

Dryden thus translates the passage in Persius to which he

refers-

"Overlearned bard,
Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul,
The fifth within the transmigrating roll,
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And, last of all, the soul, did into Ennius pass."

Apparently conceiving that destertuit, he ceased to snort himself into the idea that he was Homer, is fairly rendered by the phrase "in a drunken dream."

P. 55. Varro, a contemporary of Cicero, wrote a treatise on the Latin language; also one 'De re rustica,' which is still

preserved.

Ib. Menippus was an adherent of the Cynic School, and a satiric writer, chiefly of parodies. He is introduced by Lucian as an interlocutor in one of his wittiest dialogues. It was from him, i.e. Lucian, that a very celebrated French work, the 'Satire Menippee,' derived its name. It was published in the fifth or sixth year of the reign of Henry IV; and was a satire on the proceedings. of the League, which was then in the last agonies of its rebel-In his preface to 'L'Esprit de la Ligue' d'Anquetil bestows considerable praise on it, as "though not absolutely exempt," from some "faults" which he names, still "a masterpiece, in comparison with other contemporary works on the Disraeli, who compares "the 'History of the same subject. League' with that of our own civil wars, compares also the 'Satire Menippée' to Butler's poem, calling it "a perfect 'Hudibras' in prose." It may be added, though somewhat beside the present subject, that Hampden must have had a similar opinion of the resemblance of the French League to the English Rebellion, if the anecdote told by the same author in a subsequent section of his 'Curiosities of Literature,' be well founded, that Hampden's favourite author was Davila, the great historian of 'The Civil Wars in France.'

P. 57. The Satire of Petronius Arbiter. This work to which

Dryden here alludes is now ascertained to be a forgery.

Ib. Lucian was a Greek author who lived in the reigns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, by the latter of whom he was made Governor of Egypt. His satirical dialogues are distinguished by extraordinary wit, and by an almost Attic purity and elegance of style.

Ib. Apuleius was a native of Africa, and a philosopher of the Academic School. He lived in the second century of our cm, and wrote among other works an apologue or novel, entitled the 'Golden Ass,' in ten books, intended as a satire on the general profligacy prevailing in his days, and especially on the licentiousness and impostures of certain orders of priests.

Ib. Seneca, a native of Spain, who settled at Rome, where he became the preceptor of Nero; he was the author of several

philosophical treatises, of ten tragedics, and of a satire on the Emperor Claudius, called 'Apocolocyntosis.' He was put to

death by Nero.

Ib. The Symposium, or Casars of Julian. "The philosophical fable which Julian composed under the name of the 'Cæsars,' is one of the most agreeable and instructive productions of ancient wit." Gibbon, 'Decline and Fall,' c. 24, who winds up a sketch of the work with the remark that, "A prince who delineates with freedom the vices and virtues of his predecessors, subscribes in every line the censure or approbation of his own conduct."

P. 58. Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467. He became first a monk, afterwards a secular priest; and, after spending many years in travel, finally settled in England at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. He was a very voluminous author.

P. 59. The Veneti and the Prasini. "The chariot race of the Roman circus was, in its first institution, a simple contest of two chariots, whose drivers were distinguished by white and red liveries. Two additional colours, a light green and a cerulenn blue, were afterwards introduced. The four factions soon acquired a legal establishment, and a mysterious origin; and their fanciful colours were derived from the various appearances of Nature in the four seasons of the year. Another interprotation preferred the elements to the seasons, and the struggle of the green (Prasini) and blue (Veneti), was supposed to represent the conflict of the Earth and Sea. Their respective victories announced either a plentiful harvest or a prosperous navigation." Later, at Constantinople, "the sportive distinctions of two colours produced two strong and irreconcilable factions, which shook the foundations of a feeble government." Gibbon, 'Decline and Fall,' c. x. 4. See the whole passage.

P. 60. Sir Matthew Hales, in the reign of Charles I., was counsel for Strafford and Laud. In the reign of Charles II. he was

made Chief Justice.

P. 61. The purity of his Latin. In a subsequent passage of this essay, Dryden complains of the treachery "of an old man's And this passage is a more singular instance of its failure, than that for which he apologises; for Persius wrote before Juvenal, as he himself mentions in a subsequent passage, where he speaks of Juvenal as scourging the crimes practised under the reign of Domitian; while Persius wrote in the time of Nero; and died in the eighth year of his reign.

P. 64. Scotinus, that is σκοτεινός, dark; from σκότος, darkness. Ib. Cornutus was a philosopher of the Stoic School, to whom Persius addressed his fifth 'Satire.'

P. 65. Demosthenes and Æschines. Æschines, even after his defeat by Demosthenes in the great contest De Corona, had the candour always to acknowledge the superiority of his rival. It

is related that, after he had gone into banishment, he read to a company the speech of Demosthenes on the occasion; and, when it was loudly applauded, said, "But how much finer you would think it if you had heard Demosthenes himself speak it."

P. 67. Epictetus. Zeno. Zeno was the founder of the Stoic Sect, which derives its name from oroà, the "portico or porch," where he gave his lectures. Epictetus, a Phrygian by birth, was an adherent of that sect, and having settled at Rome, where he had been a slave, was banished by Domitian. Those of his works which have been preserved were, in the last century. translated by Mrs. Carter. The principles of the Stoic philosophy were briefly these: "That virtue was of itself and by itself sufficient to secure happiness; and that, that being the case, the virtuous man needed no aid from external circumstances."

P. 68. Bishop of Salisbury. The celebrated Burnet, the historian of the Reformation; who has also left us a history of his own times, the great value of which is now generally admitted; though at one time it was questioned. He was

chaplain to Queen Mary.

Ib. Horace is sometimes a Stoic. I do not know where Dryden finds any leaning towards the Stoic doctrines in Horace. the contrary, they are the frequent object of his keenest wit.

P. 69. Libertinus, Dryden here mistakes the meaning of this word. Libertinus is one who has been himself a slave : like Libertus. The difference between the two words is, that a man was called Libertinus with respect to the people in general; Libertus with respect to the master who had emancipated him. Libertus Casaris was a slave whom Casar had emancipated. Dryden here seems to understand Libertinus as the son of Libertus. Horace speaks of himself as one-

> "Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum." Sat. I. vi. 46.

(Whom all carp at as a freedman's son.)

This is the passage where he gives that description of his father's character to which Dryden alludes here. Dryden's "witty friend" is believed to have been the comic dramatist Wycherley, who, having offended his father, was refused by h m any assistance when he was thrown into prison for debt.

Ib. Brutus. The chief of the conspirators who slew Count. His "taking Horace into his army" did not lead to the poets glory, as he ran away at Philippi, to which he alludes himself in the seventh 'Ode' of the second book.

"Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam Sensi relicta non bene parmula,'

"With you I fled Philippi's fatal field, And, not too nobly, left the foe my shield."

He ascribes his safety after the battle to Mercury, the patron of men of genius.

P. 70. His Acquaintance with Macenas he ascribes, in the

satire previously referred to, to Virgil.

P. 71. He who says that Pindar is inimitable. An allusion to the beginning of the second 'Ode' of Horace's fourth book.

"Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari, Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea Nititur pennis vitreo daturus Nomina ponto."

"The bard who attempts to rival Pindar is relying on waxen wings after the fashion of Dædalus, and, like him, will but give a name to the sea beneath into which he falls." The sea, however, got the name not from Dædalus, but from Icarus his son, Icarium mare, the Icarian Sea.

"Non nostrum est tautas componere lites." Virg. 'Ect.' II.,

infra.

The decision of the umpire between the rival shepherds; "It is beyond me to decide so great a contest." As Dryden translates it—

"So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserved the prize."

Ib. Horace has written many of them satirically. Dryden probably alludes to 'Epodes,' 5, 6, 10.

Ib. Lyce. Canidia. Lyce had been one of the objects of Horace's love; Canidia is attacked by him, in the 'Epodes,'

as a practiser of magic arts for nefarious purposes.

Ib. The first is Revenge. Probably Dryden may intend to imply here a justification of his 'MacFlecknoe,' as having been provoked by attacks on his own works. When, in a subsequent sentence, he complains of aspersions on his morals he is, perhaps, referring to attacks made upon him by Swift, in his 'Battle of the Books,' and especially in the Introduction to the 'Tale of a Tub'; which had been recently published. Swift was a distant cousin of Dryden, but had been offended with him for predicting that he

" would never be a poet."

P. 74. I owe more to Horace, for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. Many readers would be inclined to reverse the opinion as to the benefits to be derived from the study of the two; or, at all events, even if for the reasons Dryden proceeds to give, they should agree that more instruction is to be derived from Horace, very few would probably allow that that advantage was counterbalanced by the inferiority of the pleasure. It may, perhaps, be thought that Dryden received less pleasure from Horace than from Juvenal, because his own style of satire more resembled that of the latter. In neither Absalom and Ahitophel' nor MacFlecknow.

is there anything light or sportive. He "lashed " the objects of his wrath (to use the term he applies to Juvenal) with the energy which he ascribes to Juvenal. Even the ridicule which he heaps upon the poets, whom he regards as his rivals, is that of fierce hate, rather than of ironical or sarcastic raillery; and, therefore, he sees in Juvenal a more kindred spirit. "Juvenal." he says, "treats his subject home; his splcen is raised, he raises mine." And this is clearly the effect Dryden wished to produce on his readers. It must, however, be observed that, a few pages later, Dryden tells us (referring to Horace) that "the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. at which even Juvenal could not arrive," though he affirms it to be Lord Dorset's "particular talent." But, as Johnson remarks, Dryden is often inconsistent both in his statements and his judgments. For a fresh comparison between Horace and Juvenal see the 'Essays on Translation,' which follows this.

P. 76. Omne vafer, etc. Dryden thus translates these lines from the first 'Satire' of Persius—

"Unlike (to Lucilius) in method, with concealed design Did crafty Horace his low numbers join; And, with a sly insinuating grace, Laughed at his friend, and looked him in the face: Would raise a blush where secret vice he found, And tickle while he gently probed the wound."

P. 77. The Plain Dealer was a comedy by Wycherley. P. 78. Sermo pedestris, like prose, walking sedately on foot. P. 79. Non tu in triviis, etc. Translated by Dryden-

"Men. Thou sing with him! thou booby! never pipe Was so profaned to touch that blubber'd lip: Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd To tickle on thy straw the gaping crowd."

If the judgment of the keenness of Virgil's wit in this passage, here expressed by Dryden, be well founded, it can hardly be said that the force of it is very adequately expressed in

this translation.

P. 81. Tacitus, one of the two great Roman historians, Livy being the other. He was consul A.D. 97. His bistory is in two divisions; the 'Annals,' in sixteen books, from the death of Augustus to the death of Nero; the 'History,' in four books. from the accession of Galba to the death of Domitian.

Ib. The law had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables. In B.C. 453 a commission was sent to Greece to bring back information concerning the laws of the different states, and especially of Athens; and on the return of the commissioners, ten magis-

trates (Decemviri) were appointed to draw up a code, compiled out of those laws, which was engraved on twelve tables of brass and set up in the Comitia, and those magistrates were established as a Board to govern in accordance with them, till it was abolished in consequence of the tyrannical cruelty of some of the members.

P. 82. Suetonius, a Roman historian, who wrote the lives of the twelve first emperors, the twelve Casars, in the reign of

Hadrian, whose secretary he was.

P. 83. Clodius. This refers to a passage in the second Satire' of Juvenal—

"Clodius accusat meechos."

P. S5. Ense velut stricto, etc. Thus translated by Dryden-

"But when Lucilius brandishes his pen
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part,
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart."

Ib. That learned Critic, Barten Holiday. He was a fellow of a college at Oxford in the reign of James I., who translated Persius, and subsequently Juvenal; laying down for himself the impracticable rule of giving line for line, for which Dryden deservedly ridicules him at the close of this essay.

Ib. Stapylton, Sir Robert, a Yorkshire knight of ancient family, who during the rebellion bore arms in the Royalist army, and after the overthrow of his royal master occupied his

leisure with a translation of Juvenal.

P. 86. Jack Ketch. It is inferred from this passage, that this executioner, whose name has become the inheritance of all his successors, must have lived at this time.

Ib. Zimri, is the name under which Dryden satirises the

Duke of Buckingham-

"A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome," etc., etc.

Posterity has generally coincided with Dryden in ranking this portrait as the most finished, as well as the most severe, in the whole gallery of the 'Absalom' and 'Ahitophel.' The Duke had the singular ill-fortune of being also selected by Pope (Moral Essays,' iii. 399) as the subject of one of his most elaborate effects of vituperation.

Ib. He for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it. It is not easy to divine why Dryden says this; for the Duke of Buckingham not only did resent it, but wrote a furious comment on it, which he entitled 'Reflections upon Absalom and Abitophel by a person of quality,' in which, in Scott's judgment, "he showed more zeal and anger than wit or prudence."

P. 87. Ense rescidendum. This will not scan. Horace wrote-

"Ense recidendum." (Must be amputated with the knife.)

P. 88. Horace amongst the moderns is not so successful. If Dryden is correct in this report of the judgment of his contemporaries the taste of English readers, at least, has certainly changed. There can be no doubt that at the present day Horace is by far more generally and more highly admired than Juvenal.

Ib. Sarmentus and Cicerrus. This "wit battle" is recorded Hor. 'Sat.' i. 5, 52, et seq. Sarmentus is also the name of a parasite ridiculed in the fifth 'Satire' of Juvenal. Persius and Rupilius Rex (Mr. King) are characters in Horace 'Sat.' i. 8.

P. 90. The Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates in the Symposium. The following is part of the passage alluded to: "ALC. I say then that Socrates is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen in the statuaries' shops, sitting with pipes and flutes in their mouths I say also that he is like Marsyas the Satyr. Yon, yourself, will not deny, Socrates, that your face is like that of a satyr. Aye, and there is a resemblance-in other points too. For example: You are a bully, as I can prove by witnesses, if you will not confess. And also you are a flute player," etc. Symp. § 215. Jowett's Translation of Plato, ii. 66.

P. 93. Menander, who was born B.C. 342, was the most admired writer of the New Comedy, as Aristophanes was of the Old. Only a few fregments of his works have come down

P. 94. Distinguishes satire . . . from stage-plays. Dryden must mean from the Athenian comedy, which, as has been remarked in a former note, was the form which satire took at Athens. There is evidently no other kind of stage-play which could possibly be confounded with, or regarded as, satire.

P. 95. The fault of Horace. It seems hardly fair to call the familiar style deliberately adopted by Horace a fault. He tells us himself that he neither himself regarded, nor desired others to regard, his 'Satires' as poetry. He calls them akin to prose, and as giving the author no title to be called a poet-

. . " Neque si quis scribat, uti nos, Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam." "Sat. i. 4, 42.

P. 97. Guarini was a contemporary of Tasso, and a native of Ferrara, Tasso, while residing at the Court of Ferrara, had composed a pastoral drama entitled 'Aminta,' from the name of one of Virgil's shepherds, which was greatly admired at the time, though not much read at the present day. Its success induced Guarini to follow his example, and a few years after-

wards he produced a work in a similar style, being, in fact, an evident imitation of the 'Aminta,' to which he gave the name of 'Il Pastor Fido.' It has been generally praferred to Tasso's work, though Mr. Hallam does not wholly agree with the judgment, saying, that if "more animation and variety belong to the 'Pastor Fido,' there is more elegance and purity of taste in the 'Aminta.'" He regards it as "a prototype of the Italian opera, not that it was spoken in recitation, but the short and rapid expressions of passion, the broken dialogue, the frequent changes of personages and incidents, keep the effect of representation and of musical accompaniment continually before the reader's imagination. 'Lit. of Europe,' pt. ii. c. 6.

Ib. Farrago. Dryden here mistakes the meaning of the word, and misconstrues Juvenal, who does not call his poems farrago; but says the subjects he mentions (the passage has been quoted in a previous note) are the matter which fill his

composition.

P. 99. The Porch, i.e. the sect of the Stoics so called because Zeno, its founder, lectured in a porch called ποικίλη στόα,

variegated, or adorned, with the pictures of Polygnotus.

Ib. Hudibras. The sort of verse which is called burlesque. 'Hudibras,' it is almost superfluous to explain, is a satire, especially in its first and second parts, on the various sects of the Puritans, and their fanatical persecution of every party but their own during the Commonwealth. The idea seems in some degree taken from that of 'Don Quixote,' which had recently been translated into English, Sir Hudibras and his squire, Ralph, being copies, mutatis mutandis, of the Don and Sancho. In the third part. which was not published till fourteen years after the first, if we adopt the view of Disraeli (* Cur. of Lit.' fi.), in his description of Hudibras's "amorous suit" to the widow, the poet "turned his satirical arrows" against the licentiousness of the Court. The word "burlesque" is derived from the Italian verb burlare, to jest, to rally. The poem itself may fairly be called a burlesque, but it is not quite clear why Dryden should say that the "eight-syllable verse" is so called. It had been commonly used for poems to which the authors certainly did not intend to give that character. It was the metre of some of the early metrical romances; it was that in which Barbour wrote his noble poem of the 'Bruce.' It was the metre of Milton's 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' and since Dryden stime the two greatest poets of this century, Scott and Byron, have chosen it; Scott for all his poems; Byron for some of his most attractive poems, for the 'Giaour,' for a great part of the 'Bride of Abydos,' etc. Moore, too, has employed it in more than one canto of 'Lalla Rookh.

P. 101. The Lutrin (the Writing-desk) is the title given by

Boileau to his most popular satire.

1b. Scarron owes his chief notoriety at the pr. sent day to the

circumstance of his having been the first husband of Madame de Maintenon. Dryden need not have "doubted that he had Virgil in his eye," since he called one of his works 'Virgile Travesti.' Hallam says that his countrymen gave him "the credit of having struck into a new path by his Roman comique;" adding, however, that "the Spaniards had so much like this that we cannot perceive any great originality in Scarron."—Mod. Lit. pt. iv. c. 7.

P. 102. Nec tibi Diva parens. Dryden thus translates these

three passages. That from the ' Æneid'-

"False as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn,
Not sprung from noble blood, not goddess-born,
But hewn from hardened entrails of a rock.
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck."

That from the fourth 'Georgic'-

"Mæcenas read this other part, that sings Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings, A mighty pomp though made of little things. Their arms, their arts, their manners to disclose, And how they war; and whence the people rose."

And the third from the same 'Georgic'-

"The immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains."

P. 103. Sir George Mackenzie, as Lord-Advocate of Scotland, had taken a vigorous part in the persecution of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II. His "legal attainments were not of the highest order, but as a scholar, a wit, and a writer, he stood high in the opinion of his countrymen, and his renown had spread even to the coffee-houses of London, and the cloisters of Oxford" (Macaulay's 'Hist. of Eng.' c. v.). He was dismissed from his office by James II., but nevertheless, as a member of the Scotlish Estates, he spoke against the resolution that James land, by his misconduct, forfeited the crown (Ib. c. xiii). He was the author of a poem called 'Colia's Country-house,' and of some moral essays.

No. Sir John Denham, who lived in the reign of Charles I., was the author of a descriptive poem called 'Cooper's Hill' (a hill close to Runnymede). It was highly esteemed in its day.

but is now nearly forgotten.

Ib. Ancient words, which he [Milton] had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser. The allusion here is not very evident. Undoubtedly a few words may be found in Milton's poems which have now become obsolete, or nearly so; but few, if any, which were obsolete in his own day.

Ib. Elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. From the instances which he quotes from the Latin poets, it seems that Dryden here means a repetition of the word or thought previously used or expressed in a new connection, such as is, perhaps, best shown in the passages from the 'Epistle' of Sappho. "If no one is to be your spouse but she who in beauty may seem worthy of you, then no one is ever to be your spouse." In Dryden's translation of the passage which he afterwards quotes from the exquisite tale of "Eurydice," in the fourth 'Georgic' (one of the most beautiful passages in all Virgil), it is remarkable that he makes no attempt to give the "turn" which he so greatly admires—

"A fault which easy pardon might receive, Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive."

P. 104. Mr. Walsh. Johnson has given him a place in his list of poets, though he says, "he is known more by his familiarity with greater men than by anything done or written by himself." In reference to this and other pessages in his works he adds that "Dryden considered him the best critic in the nation." And Pope attributes to his early encouragement some portion of his own resolution to addict himself to poetry, "knowing

Walsh would tell me I could write."

P. 107. The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of more than ten syllables. Chaucer had used this metre in his "Canterbury Tales," and it is probable that it was his regard for Chaucer that led Dryden here to call it the English verse, though in Chaucer the number of syllables is by no means invariable. Mr. Morris, in his introduction to the tales, points out that in them "we often find eleven syllables, and sometimes nine." It was the polish that Dryden himself gave to this metre that has caused it to be regarded, ever since his time, as the English metre par excellence, and even he endeavoured to relieve its monotony by the occasional introduction of a line of twelve syllables (called an Alexandrine, from a long Provencyal poem on the exploits of Alexander, which was written entirely in that metre), and Pope praises the innovation—

"Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine."
Imi ations of Horace (Sat. and Epist.) ii., i. 269.

using an Alexandrine himself to illustrate and emphasise his compliment. In his preface to the "Encid." Dryden says he borrowed the idea of the Alexandrine from Spenser, and mentions that it was sometimes called "though improperty," the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley often employed it in his Odes."

ON TRANSLATION.

An Essay prefixed as a Preface to the Poets. Second Miscellany of translations, published in 1685.

P. 111. The History of the League. Dryden had recently, at the command of Charles II., translated a 'History of the League' (the league of the Guises against the Kings, Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV.), which had been recently published by a Jesuit named Maimbourg. It was not very well worth translating, being a work of so little authority that d'Anquetil, who, in his preface to 'L'esprit de la Ligue, 'mentions no fewer than eighty-seven works, which he quotes in his own history, makes no allusion to it. But Charles seems to have wished it to be translated to weaken Lord Shaftesbury, between whose intrigues and the plots of the Guises he desired to suggest a resemblance.

Ib. Lord Roscommon's essay on translated verse. Lord Roscommon was a nephew of the great Strafford; he was only a boy at the time of the Rebellion, during which he was sent abroad for safety. After the Restoration he was made Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York, but he died a few weeks before the end of the reign. His rank caused his poetry (as it also caused that of some other nobles) to be highly extelled in his own day. But the essay here mentioned is allowed to be the best specimen of it. The highest praise that can be given to it is that some of the rules it lays down are judicious, especially that which advises any-one who proposes to occupy

himself with translation-

"To seek a poet who your, way does bend, And choose an author as you choose a friend."

He endeavoured to exemplify his precept by his own practice, translating two or three of Horace's Odes and his Art of

Poetry.

P. 114. Maintaining the character of an author. Dryden himself here professes to aim at observing Roscommon's rules, and, in this passage, may be thought to allude to the lines quoted in the preceding note. Though it is remarkable that, while he says here that, "not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different," in his elaborate dedication of his translation of the 'Æneid,' he takes credit to himself for having translated several of Ovid's works, as well as the whole of Virgil's, and for having thus qualified himself to judge of their respective merits. In the comparison which he institutes there, he gives the preference decidedly to Virgil, as he presently does in this essay. In his preface to his translation of Ovid's 'Epistles,' Dryden lays down the same rule, saying, "nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts

and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and, as it were, individuate him from other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thoughts either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance," etc.

Ib. A late noble painter. He is alluding to Sir Peter Lely, a Dutch painter, who painted the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., many of his portraits of whom are in the Royal Collection. We cannot judge now whether they resembled the originals, as Dryden here denies that they did; but they certainly are, for the most part, as Scott remarks, very like one

another.

P. 115. My translations out of four several poets. It may be admitted that Dryden is entitled to the credit, which he claims, of having translated Theocritus in a different style from that which he employed in Virgil. For the 'Odes' of Horace, which he has selected he has chosen lyric metres, which, of course, must differ from his decasyllabic style. But it may be doubted whether any difference of style can be perceived in his translations of Virgil and Lucretius. His criticism of the respective styles of these two is very discriminating, but it may be thought that while he attributes to a "disdain of smoothness" Virgil's habit of often "concluding his sense in the middle of a verse," the poet's real object was more probably to add a charm by varying the monotony that might be the effect of ending every sentence with the end of a line. The rhythm of Lucretius is so harsh and rugged, that to compare it to that of Virgil would be like comparing Donne to Dryden.

P. 116. Orid has little variety of numbers, etc. Of course, Dryden is referring to his 'Metamorphoses,' but, though in them his verse is undoubtedly inferior to Virgil's in "majesty," it will not be generally allowed that it is superior to it in "smoot ness," as Dryden seems here to intimate. His most admirable works, however, are in elegiac metre; hexameter and pentameter. And there the rule, almost invariably observed, of concluding every sentence at the end of a couplet is a great

hindrance to variety of rhythm.

Tb. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him (Virgil). Dryden here probably refers to the letter to Sir R. Howard, which he prefixed as a preface to his 'Annus Mirabilis,' and in which he says "wit written is that which is well defined; the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But, to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram . . . but it is some lively and apt description dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes

the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature." And presently he proceeds to describe Virgil as superior to Ovid in "elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning a sound and varied thought in apt, significant and sounding words."

P. 117. Tully. Dryden, as well as Pope, usually calls Cicero by this, his family name. It is a singular criticism that Tasso quotes; for an elaborate amplification of ornament, which is one characteristic of Cicero's eloquence, is certainly not a characteristic of Homer's poetry; nor will it be generally agreed that Virgil has aimed at consciousness so diligently as to take Demosthenes for his model.

Many of these remarks, on the mode of translating Virgil, were reproduced in the preface to the translation of the 'Æneid;' though, from what he says here of his translations of some of the episodes of the 'Æneid,' it is clear that he must have tried his hand at select passages of that poem, before he undertook the translation of the entire work. The second 'Miscellany,' to which this essay is the preface, was published

in 1685; the 'Virgil' not till July 1697.

P. 119. Those four books ('The Georgics'), in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine 'Æneid.' Some critics have argued that this was the opinion of Virgil himself, because in his will be requested that the 'Æneid' should be burnt. But this injunction (strange even on that consideration), was probably dictated by vexation at not having lived to give it the final revision and polish; many lines, as every one

knows, being left unfinished.

P. 120. Our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury is, as he presently mentions, Hobbes, the author of soveral works, some philosophical, others political, distinguished by such freedom of speculation as to be reprobated as dangerous even by some writers who have not generally been regarded as over-scrupulous. Hume's description of them is: "Hobbes's politics are fitted only to promote tyranny, and his ethics to encourage licentiousness. Though an enemy to religion, he partakes nothing of the spirit of scepticism, but is as positive and dogmatical as if human reason, and his reason in particular, could attain a thorough conviction on these subjects." ('Hist. of Eng.' c. 62.) This character strikingly corresponds to what Dryden says here of Lucretius's "confidence in his cause."

P. 122. The ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. Mr. Thomas Creech, who translated not only Lucretius but Horace, and parts of several other poets. Pope quotes two lines of his

translation of Horace-

"Nought to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy and to keep them so;
Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech;"

P. 123. Evelyn, John, born in 1620, was one of the most accomplished and virtuous men of his day. In the reign of William III., he was appointed treasurer of Greenwich hospital. He was the author of several works on art, on sculpture, on numismatics, etc.; but his most celebrated work was entitled Sylvae; or, an Essay on Forest-trees, gardening and planting one pursuits he was especially fond of. The present century has witnessed the publication of his correspondence, and a diary which he left behind him in MS. full of curious anecdotes

of the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The Theoritus. It is hardly fair to Virgil to compare him in this way with Theoritus. The idylls of Theoritus were the work of his life; the eclogues of Virgil were his juvenile attempts. As a pastoral poet, no one will probably deny the superiority of Theoritus to all poets of the same class. Of Tasso and Guarini, a note on p. 97 of the previous essay, has already spoken. In his 'Discourse on Pastoral Poetry,' Pope says, "Theoritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his 'Idyllea' are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions."

P. 124. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar is a pastoral poem in twelve eclogues, one for each month. But the poet has so little care to make his shepherds speak in character, that he introduces them discussing the respective merits of Popery and Pro-

testantism.

P. 125. Horace's Satires. This is an anticipation of his comparison of Horace and Juvenal, which is given in his 'Essay on

Satire, p. 80.

Ib. He confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every ode. The Pindaric irregularity of metre, which is also found in the choruses of the Greek tragedies, was never used by any Roman poet. "Numerousness" is harmony of measure, or, as he presently expresses it, "numbers." Elsewhere Dryden uses "numerous" for harmonious, as a translation of the Latin numerosus.

Ib. One ode I have attempted to translate in Pindaric verse. He means the fine ode "Tyrrhena regum progenies," etc. I. 29, parts of which he has translated with great spirit, though in one passage, "Si celeres quatit pennas resigno quæ dedit," he has been justly charged with widely departing from his author's meaning. In the dedication of one of his plays to Lord Rochester, Dryden compliments that nobleman on the special admiration with which he regarded the ode in question, as a "proof that he had learning and taste to understand critically the beauties of Horace."

1b. Cowley, as has been already mentioned, translated Pindar

into what he conceived to be a strict resemblance to Pindar's own variety of metre.
P. 127. Nequeo dicere. Juvenal's word is not dicere, but

monstrare.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN POETRY AND PAINTING.

"In 1694, he borrowed two months (from his Virgil), that he might turn Fresnoy's 'Art of Painting' into English prose. The preface (which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings) exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind like his no labour to produce them." Johnson's Life.

A comparison in one point or another between these two arts has been instituted by many writers. Horace led the way, pointing out first the resemblance between the licence allowable to both painters and poets in dealing with their subjects-

> " Pictoribus atque poëtis, Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas." A. P. 10.

Painters and poets have always had equal liberty of daring. As translated by Byron-

> " Poets and painters as all artists know, May shoot a little with a lengthened bow."

And again, the effect produced by each under varying circumstances of distance or time-

"Ut pictura poësis: erit quæ si propius stes Te capiat magis, et quædam si longius abstes." 16, 361.

Poetry is like painting: there are some pictures which are more attractive on a near view; others which have a better effect at some distance.

Dryden himself repeats the comparison in his preface to the *Æneid,' saying, "the words are in poetry, while the colours are in painting; if the design be good, and the draught be true.

the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his thirteenth discourse, says, " Poetry addresses itself to the same faculties and the same dispositions as painting, though by different means. The object of both is to accommodate itself to the natural propensities and inclinations of the mind." And, in a previous discourse, calling them "sister-arts" he had pointed to examples of performances in each. as equally proving the necessity of patient labour, to produce

excellence; and that "great works, which are to live and stand

the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat."

Lessing, in his Laocoon, compares the poet to both the sculptor and the painter; assigning this, amongst other advantages, to the poet, that "Nothing obliges the poet (like the painter) to concentrate his picture into one punctual instant of time." (De Quincey's Translation, p. 258.) See also p. 271 of the Note from Scott on p. 214.) Hallam also endeavours to compare certain poets with certain painters, saying of Ariosto that "His brilliancy and fertile invention might remind us of Tintoretto." Part ii. c. v.

And lastly in his 'Essay on Byron,' Lord Macaulay says: "Poetry is, as was said more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the art of painting, sculpture, and acting.... But the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art, or than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate every form; the painter only form and colour; the actor, until the painter supplies him with words, only form, colour, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone."

P. 129. This work. This parallel is a kind of preface to Dryden's translation of a Latin poem, and a treatise on the 'Art of Painting,' by a French gentleman, M. Charles du

Fresnoy.

P. 130. Holbein, Rubens and Vandyck (one of them is admirable for history-painting, and the other tro for portraits). The one admirable for history-painting was Rubens; he and Vandyck, who was his pupil, were both natives of Antwerp. They were both in succession invited to England by Charles I., who has been called the most discerning patron of the fine arts that ever wore a crowp. And both executed some of their finest works in this country. Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced Rubens "the greatest master of the mechanical part of his art that ever existed," but as a portrait painter he is not reckoned the qual of his pupil. Holbein was born in the previous century at Basle. He also came to England, and was liberally patronised by Henry VIII. He died in 1554, of the plague, about twenty years before the birth of Rubens.

Ib. Raphael (Raffaelle d'Urbino), Titian, Correggio Michael Angelo. Dryden enumerates these gn at artists without any strict regard to their dates (though they were nearly contemporaries) or to their schools. Michael Angelo Buonarotti, was the eldest of all, born in 1474, at Arezzo in Tuscany. Ho was not only a painter, but also a sculptor and architect. Raphael was about ten years younger; and was also distinguished for his skill in all those arts; but was most eminent as a painter. A scries of his finest works, eight cartoons from

company of the New Testament are it the Royal collection to so we are the cone masters of the Florentine School Totale was over at Fredi. it salt. But as he lived chieft a Venue of a regimen is the heat of the Venetian Salan He a terminal i to have, unanimously, as the greatest of a estimate products. The real name of Correspond was Amor-100° as to was north at Corregge in the Trucky of Morrows are consequently known as Albert, the Correspond the many of the order pages came to supersed. Dis real marge. He a regional the end for the Lombard School. Sr Joshu Peydon a time commenteries the painters here mentioned: Reputed was stated in general foremost of the first pointer. tioner in repetition, to the excellence in the higher parts of his He was here use to conquer perfectly that drynes or even between of manner which he inherited from his master Chang Pangue, "He never acquired that nicery of taste is come in that becaute of light and shadow, so as to make the copied rise out of the ground, with the plenitude of effect someon who not in the works of Correggie," V. Disc. And, in the co cents. Il scoprist, after saving that, " It is to Titian we must there our eyes to find excillence with regard to colour, and light and shade in the regrest degree. He was both the first and the groutest master of this art," he compares him with Raphael soying, that they "appear to have looked at Nature for different purposes they ledo had the power of extending their view to the whole; but one looked only for the general effect as prodwarf by form the other as produced by colour." Again in comparing Rapharl with Michael Angels, he says of the latter. no "did not possess so many excellencies as Raphael, but those which he lad were of the highest kind. He considered art as consisting of little more than may be obtained by senlitime connectness of form and energy of character."... And precently wids: "It is to Michael Angelo that we owe even the existence of Ruphud. It is to him Raphael owes the grandeur of handyle." And, "If we put these great artis's in a light of companion with each other, Raphael had more taste and fancy; Michael Angelo more genius and imagination. The one excelled in beauty, the other in energy."

1.131. Furtian. Furtian is a cloth made of worl with cotton mixed with it. The name soon became adopted to signify a sent of tombustic writing, which aimed at an appearance more solid than it really possessed. It is remarkable that the word now more commonly used in this sense has a somewhat similar origin. "Bombust is properly the cotton plant; and then the cotton wadding with which garments were stuffed out and lined." As Prince Henry addresses Falstoff: "How now, my weet creature of bombust?" "Bombust was then transferred in a vigorous image to the big words without substance or solidity wherewith the discourses of some were stuffed out; and knows, wherewith the discourses of some were stuffed out; and knows.

at present, no other meaning but this." Trench, English

Past and Present, p. 314.

P. 133. Zeuxis, a native of Heraclea, who lived in the fifth century before our era, dying, at nearly a hundred years of age, in the year 400, B.C. He is reckoned one of the three great painters of Greece, his contemporary Parrhasius, and Apelles, who lived in the next century, being the other two. His chief efforts seem to have been directed to form rather than to character. Aristotle says, he was rather the Euripides of painting than the Homer; but he is said to have had an extraordinary power of expressing the ideal standard of human beauty, and especially the female form. Parrhasius, on the contrary, was celebrated for his power of pourtraying the minute expression of the countenance, and for his skill in painting the hands and feet. An anecdote is told of a contest between him and Zeuxis, to decide which Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes, so like nature, that the birds came and picked at them; after this had been admired, Zeuxis turning to Parrhasius, who was holding what Zeuxis conceived to be a curtain screening the picture he was about to exhibit, said to him, "Withdraw your curtain and let us see your picture." But what he took for the curtain was the picture; on which he said in frank astonishment, "Zeuxis can deceive birds, but Parrhasius can deceive Zeuxis." Another anecdote relates that Zeuxis painted a boy carrying a tray of grapes on his head, and that the birds flew at that too; somewhat to the disappointment of the artist, who saw in the incident a proof that he had not painted the boy equally well with the grapes, since if he had, the birds would have been too frightened to attack the grapes.

Ib. Maximus Tyrius was a philosopher of the Academic School, who flourished in the time of the Antonines, and was

the author of several treatises.

P. 134. Michel Angelo da Caravaggio, known, like Correggio, by the name of his birth-place, to distinguish him from his still greater namesake. He lived in the last half of the sixteenth century, and was certainly a painter of very great power.

Ib. Lysippus. One of the greatest of the Greek sculptors. Horace says of him, that Alexander the Great issued an edict, that no sculptor but Lysippus, and no painter but Apelles (whom Dryden mentions in a subsequent passage), should presume to take his likeness. Rex ille

"Edicto vetuit ne quis se præter Apellem, Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra, Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia."

As translated by Soame Jenyns-

"The selfsame hero made a law,
None but Apelles should his picture draw,
None but Lysippus cast his royal head."

The boast of Lysippus here quoted resembles the description of Sophocles by Aristotle, quoted in a subsequent passage of this essay. (See infra, p. 142.)

1b. Phidias, the most celebrated of all the Greek sculptors: it was he to whom Pericles entrusted the decoration of the Parthenon, and who carved the great statue of Olympian Zens.

Ib. Apollonius Tyanæus was born at Tyana in Cappadocia,

about the commencement of our era.

Ib. Leonardo da Vinci, the earliest of the great Italian painters, whose chief merit Reynolds places in the excellence of his designs. He is related to have died in the arms of

Francis L, who had invited him to France.

Ib. Castiglione was a statesman and author, so high in the favour of Pope Clement VII. that he sent him as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. after the battle of Pavia. His most celebrated work was one entitled 'Il Corteggiano' or 'The Courtier,' which has been translated into English.

P. 135. Guido, one of the chief painters of the great Bologuese School, founded by the Caracci; he lived in the early part of the seventeenth century. Reynolds gives him credit for grace of attitude; but regards him as deficient in giving variety or

appropriateness of expression.

Ib. Praxiteles, one of the chief Greek sculptors; in age the successor of Lysippus. An original work of his, Hermes with

the infant Dionysus, has lately been found at Olympia.

Ib. Glycon, one of the few of the ancient sculptors, whose works have come down to us. The Farnese Hercules mentioned here, and so called from having been placed for some time in the Farnese palace, after it had been discovered in the baths of Caracalla, is his work.

Ib. Cleomenes. Very little is known of this artist, who is mentioned by no one but Pliny. He is believed to have lived about 320 s.c. The statue called the Venus de Medici, is supposed to have been an imitation of the celebrated statue of Venus of Gnidus, by Praxiteles, mentioned in this essay.

It has been, ever since its discovery, admitted to be one of the most exquisite master-pieces of Grecian art. Even Byron. who was, generally speaking, no great admirer of paintings or statues, but branded painting and sculpture as the two "most artificial of the arts," made an exception in favour of this statute.

"There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills The air around with beauty; we inhale The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils Part of its immortality."

Ch. Har. iv. 49.

Matthews, in his 'Diary of an Invalid,' "doubts whether Venus be not a misnomer. Who can recognise in this divine

statue any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful and beautiful, not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections." I. 47.

P. 136. Cyllarus is alluded to by Virgil as the horse tamed

by Pollux.

"Talis Amyelæi domitus Pollucis habenis Cyllarus."

As translated by Dryden-

"Such was the steed in Grecian poets famed, Proud Cyllarus by Spartan Pollux tamed."

Ib. Did next...stand to breathing figures. Probably the earliest instance of a comparison of human beauty to the work of the painter or statuary occurs in that beautiful chorus in the *Agamemon' of Æschylus, which portrays Helen πρέπουσα ὧς ἔν γραφαῖς, beauteous as in a picture.

1b. Beauty is only that which makes all things as they are in their proper and perfect nature. A very philosophical view of beauty, on something of the principle (in the opposite direction) of Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt, "Matter out of its

proper place."

P 137. Apelles, the greatest of Greek painters. See the note

on Lysippus.

Ib. Protogenes, a native of Carinus in Caria; a contemporary of Apelles. He was entrusted with the execution of some of the

great works in the Propylea of Athens.

Ib. The Statue of Memnon, in the neighbourhood of Egyptian Thebes, when first reached by the rays of the sun was said to emit a sound. The Egyptians themselves called it the statue of Amenophés, one of their ancient kings.

1b. The image of Prometheus. The legend was that Prometheus made a statue, and gave it life by stealing fire from the

sun

The story is alluded to by Byron-

"And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven The fire which we endure."

Ch. Har. iv. 163.

Another legend represents him as having been ordered by Jupiter, after the deluge, to make, in conjunction with Minerya, a new race of men and women; and affirms that it was by his advice that Deucalion made a boat to save Pyrrha and himself.

P. 139. Philostratus was a man of science, in the third century of our era, who wrote a treatise on elkoves (images).

which is still extant.

Ib. As Convoy ships either accompany, or should accompany, their merchants. Sir W. Scott suggests that this passage is possibly intended to contain a sneer at the negligence of the government of the day (this essay was published in 1695), in protecting English commerce, and that it may have a specific reference to a disaster which had been incurred two years before, when Sir Francis Wheeler, in command of a convoy, was wrecked in the Bay of Gibraltar.
P. 141. My own St. Catherine. The principal female character

in Dryden's play of 'Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr.'

Ib. The warts and moles. Macaulay, in his essay on Warren Hastings, relates an anecdote of Cromwell, when about to sit for his portrait to Lely, then a rising artist, enjoining him, "Paint me as I am; if you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." He was going on the principles which Dryden enunciates here.

P. 142. If Eneas sometimes weeps. Dryden is referring pro-

bably to the passage in the fourth ' Eneid'-

"Mens immota manet; lacrimæ volvuntur inenes."

Epist. 449.

Translated by Dryden himself—

"Sighs, groans and tears proclaim his inward pains, But the firm purpose of his heart remains.'

Ib. Lentulus. The description here referred to is now admitted

to be a forgery.

Ib. He (Homer) has been taxed by Plato. Plato excluded Homer, and indeed most poets, from his 'Commonwealth on the ground (among others), that they gave inadequate and false ideas of the gods. In one passage he charges Homer with "a fault which is most serious, the fault of telling a lie, and a bad lie; as when he makes an erroneous representation of the nature of gods, . . . shows Hephæstos binding Hera, his mother. and, on another occasion, Zeus sends him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten. Such tales must not be admitted into our state, whether they are supposed to bear an allegorical meaning or not." ('Repub. II.' 373, Jowett's translation.) It is not, however, without great reluctance that the philosopher thus proscribed the poet; since, in a subsequent passage, he says, "I have always, from my earliest youth, had an awe and love of Homer which, even now, makes my words falter on my lips." (Ib. x. 495).

P. 143. The Marquis of Normanby. This refers to an 'Essay on Poetry,' by Lord Normanby, in conjunction with whom, while

he was Earl of Mulgrave, Dryden himself had written one poem which Johnson has inserted in his works, entitled an 'Essay on Satire.' It is remarkable, however, that Scott has pointed out that Dryden has "a little misquoted the line" he here gives; for that in the poem the last word is not "knew" but "saw," and he cites the whole passage—

"Reject that vulgar error which appears
So fair, of making perfect characters.
There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultless m inster, which the world no'er saw."

P. 144. Catullus. Catullus had urged in defence of the licence he permitted himself, that his life was pure; a defence which would probably not have stood a very close scrutiny.

"Nam castum esse decet pium poetam Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est."

Which may be translated-

"Though chaste should be the modest bard's own courses, There's no such obligation on his verses."

I do not recollect that Ovid advances any such plea.

Ib. The Adventure of the Cave. Dryden is here alluding to the passage in the fourth 'Encid,' where it is remarkable that, in his translation, he omits the epithet by which Virgil, himself gives a favourable view of the conduct of the two lovers. The Latin has—

"Prima et Tellus et pronuba Juno, Dant signum."

Where Juno is spoken of as the goldess presiding over marriage. He even leaves out Tellus, and substitutes Hell; his version being—

> "Hell from below and Juno from above, And howling nymphs were conscious to their love."

Heyne's note, on the contrary, says, that the nymphs are here preresented "Tanquam carmen nuptiale canentes;" singing a

nuptial song.

P. 145. The Sacrifice of an Iphigenia. This tradition was unknown to Homer, who, on the contrary, makes Agamemnon mention Iphigenia whom he calls Iphianassa, as living in his palace at Argos, while he is encamped before Troy. It is, however, mentioned by Æschylus in the 'Agamemnon.' It is

not improbably borrowed from the story of Jephthah's daughter in the book of Judges (which was perhaps composed between the times of Homer and of Æschylus), just as many others of the Greek traditions were. It is impossible, for instance, to doubt that it was the exposure of Moses on the Nile that led to the story of Romulus and Remus being set afloat on the Tiber. Lot's wife is probably the prototype of Niobe. And we may be sure that when Quirinus—

"Martis equis Acheronta fugit--"

his carrying off to heaven with so glorious a pomp, is but a reproduction of the story of Elijah, "The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

P. 146. Curtius, and the two Decii, and Scipio. These are allusions to well-known stories of Roman history in the first

and third decades of Livy as Dryden here points out.

Ib. *Æneas sometimes in Sicily*, etc. This is a somewhat curious mode of describing the fact that Sicily, Carthage, etc., are but stages in the wanderings of Æneas, before he finally settles in

the place appointed for him.

Ib. Tragedy, according to the practice of the ancients, was always confined to twenty-four hours. He is referring here to the doctrine of the Unities laid down by Aristotle, which the great critic derived from what he considered the practice of the great tragedians, and which required the action of a play to be not much protracted beyond the time required for its representation.

P. 147. The former shows us in one moment. Scott has the following note on this passage: "There is a fallacy in this which a moment's consideration may detect. Painting does not present in one moment what tragedy shows in many hours, and cannot, on the contrary, show more than one scene, at one minute, and in one point of time. Doubtless, by presenting to us one striking situation, the painting recalls, if we know the story, all that has preceded, and is to follow; but this arises from association; and happens equally if we come suddenly into a theatre where a well-known tragedy is performing."

Ib. Poussin. There were two celebrated French painters of this name: Nicholas, and Gaspar, his brother-in-law. Reynolds speaks very highly of Nicholas; saying that, "No works of any modern have so much of the air of antique painting as those of Poussin. His best performances have a remarkable dryness of manner, which, though by no means to be recommended for imitation, yet seem perfectly to correspond to that ancient simplicity which distinguishes his style... In the latter part of his life he changed from his dry manner to

one much softer and richer." And he proceeds to compare his mode of dealing with "ancient fables," which "were his favourite subjects," with that of Rubens, to the disadvantage of

the latter. Discourse V.

P. 148. Grotesque. This adjective is derived from grotto. Some grottoes in the neighbourhood of Naples, which were explored in the tenth century, were found to contain a number of figures in the most overstrained style of comical satire and caricature; and from them the Italians learnt to call all drawings of that kind "grotesque."

Ib. Horace begins his art of poetry. Horace's lines are-

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne, Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"

Thus imitated by Byron-

"Who would not laugh if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,
Abuse his art, till Nature with a blush
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or should some limner join for show or sale
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?"

Ib. Bartholomew Fair. A fair in the neighbourhood of London, which has been for some time discontinued.

Ib. A Dutch Kermis. A Dutch fair.

P. 149. Davenant, Sir W., was a poet and dramatist of considerable popularity in the reign of Charles II. He succeeded Ben Jonson in the office of Poet Laureate.

Ib. Hippocrates. He may be called the father of medical science; the value of which he certainly exemplified in his own person, since he lived upwards of ninety-nine years; being

born at Cos in 460 B.C., and dying 361.

P.151. Leo X., Charles V., and Francis I., were contemporaries; in whose time, as has been mentioned in previous notes, Raffaelle and the other artists flourished, as did also Ariosto and Machiavelli. If, however, a genius for poetry is, as many will certainly think, a higher endowment of Nature than a talent for painting and sculpture, then the judgment of Dryden, that the excellence of Ariosto must yield to that of Raffaelle and the rest, will probably be disputed.

Ib. At this time poetry is better practised. This also will only be admitted by those who think that the painters of that day were of a very inferior order. For both Molière and Racine were dead; and there was no French poet of even second-rate

reputation left but Boileau; no Italian poet of eminence but Filicaja; and no English poet of any great value but Dryden

bimself.

P. 152. Aristotle. Dryden is here referring to a passage in his treatise concerning poetry. But Malone's comment on his account of Aristotle's doctrine is that it shows that Dryden "who scarcely ever mentions Aristotle without discovering that he had looked only at the wrong side of the tapestry " (a translation), "has misunderstood him here, since, what he makes the Greek say of philosophers, he does in reality say only of the vulgar."

P. 155. Tu nihil, etc. Minerva being the patroness of learning and the fine arts. "You will neither do nor say anything on

which she does not look with favour."

Ib. Sophocles and Euripides. It is a remarkable proof of the very slight scholarship really possessed by Dryden, that he makes no mention of Æschylus here as a guide; putting even Euripides before him. Indeed, the mention of him, a few pages back, as one from whose practice, among others, Aristotle had drawn his rules, is nearly, if not quite, the only mention of him that he ever makes.

Ib. Lopez de Vega. This great Spanish dramatist lived in the reign of Philip II. W. Scott points out that the statement of his practice here given in the text is not accurate. Lopez de Vega, did indeed "despise the rules made by others,

but he made no new regulations."

P. 156. Montezuma was the name of one of the characters in Dryden's two plays, the 'Indian Queen,' and the 'Indian Emperor.' Montezuma was the Emperor of Mexico when Cortez discovered and conquered that country.

P. 157. When he kills Lausus. The following are the lines

in which Æneas shows his compassion-

"Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua; teque parentum Manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto. Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem: Æneæ magni dextra cadis."

Æn. x. 827.

Translated by Dryden-

"Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword, Thy body on thy parents I bestow
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know
Or bear a sense of human things below,
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
"Twas by the great Æneas hand I fell."

It is to be hoped that this last was not too sentimental a reflection to be any real comfort to the dying youth.

P. 159. Pericles. Dryden believed this to be one of Shakespeare's earlier plays; but many critics believe that Shakespeare had little or no share in it.

had little or no share in it.

Ib. A cutting Moorcraft. Moorcraft is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady.' Cutting was then used in the

sense of dashing, or fashionable.

P. 161. Racine's Esther. This drama had been written by Racine at the request of Madame de Maintenon, and "was exhibited as an entertainment in honour of the English sovereigns (James II. and his Queen) themselves after their arrival. The king (Louis XIV.) had, with his own hand, made out the list of those who were to be allowed to witness it, selecting, with the most scrupulous attention to rank, two hundred names from those of above two thousand applicants. And on the eventful evening he stationed himself at the door of the saloon, which was used as a theatre, with the list of the intended spectators in one hand, and a jewelled cane in the other, letting them in one by one, and pointing out to each their appointed places." Yonge's 'History of France under the Bourbons,' ii. 298.

1b. Wycherley was the earlier of the four principal comic writers of this and the next generation, the others being

Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar.

P. 162. The Slighted Maid. This was a comedy by a Sir A.

Stapylton.

P. 163. Ottcay. The two chief plays of this unhappy man, who died at the early age of thirty-three, are 'Venice Preserved,' and 'The Orphan.' W. Scott, in his 'Essay on the Drama,' speaks of Otway as a master of pathos, unsurpassed even by Shakespeare himself.

Ib. Sophocles always drew men as they ought to be. This is the character that Goldsmith, in his 'Retaliation,' gives to

Cumberland-

A flattering painter who made it his care, To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

P. 164. The Spanish Friar, W. Scott says, was "one of the best and most popular of Dryden's dramatic efforts." And Johnson calls the plot of the piece "particularly happy for the coincidence and coalition of the tragic and comic parts."

Ib. My characters of Anthony and Cleopatra. "Dryden altered plays of Shakespeare, for then, and even long afterwards every person thought himself qualified for this task." Schlegel's

Dram. Lit.' c. 28.

P. 167. The Pharsalia and the Thebais. The "Pharsalia," a poem on civil wars in the eighth century of the city, was Lucan's work. The 'Thebais' was on the same subject as the great tragedy of Æschylus, 'The Seven Chiefs against Thebes.'

P. 168. Octavia was present. This anecdote, it is to be feared, is of doubtful authenticity.

Ib. He made up the latter part of the hemistich. I do not know that the "colouring" to use his own phrase, which Dryden has given to this addition, merits the same eulogy; it is far more diffuse than his original—

"None so renowned,
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
With breathing brass to hurdle flerce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms."

P. 169. Homer concludes his action there (with Hector's death). In his admirable work on Homer, Mr. H. N. Coleridge quotes, with special approval, a sketch of the argument of the conclusion of the 'Iliad' from the essay of a French critic, M. Bitaubé. "Then (after the death of Patroclus) the hero...recovers the victory; slays the enemy's chief; honours his friend with superb funeral rites; and exercises a cruel vengeance on the body of his destroyer; but finally appeased by the tears and prayers of the father of the slain warrior, restores to the old man the corpse of his son, which he buries with due solemnities," p. 178.

- P. 171. Pelago credas, etc. Thus translated by Dryden-
 - "It seems as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up and jostled in the main,
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet."
- Ib. Cynthius aurem vellit, etc. A quotation from Virgil's sixth * Eclogue'—
 - "Quum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem Vellit, et admonuit."

Thus translated by Dryden—

"But when I tried her tender voice, too young, And fighting kings and bloody battles sang, Apollo checked my pride."

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